

The Musical World.

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VOL. 45—No. 50.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

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THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
UNDER THE SOLE MANAGEMENT OF MR. JOHN RUSSELL.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD; or, HARLEQUIN ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN."

On BOXING NIGHT, DECEMBER 26TH, will be produced, with Magnificent Scenery, Costumes, and Decorations, a Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD;"

OR,

HARLEQUIN ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

The FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE will take place on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28TH. Full particulars will be shortly announced.
The Box-office is open daily from Ten till Five.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY
CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Vernon Rigby; Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. Manns.

Programme includes Schubert's Grand Symphony, No. 9, in C Major, and Finale to "Loreley," Mendelssohn.
The Concert Room is thoroughly enclosed and warm, and quite free from draught.
Admission, Half-a-crown; Guinea Season Tickets free. Reserved Stalls, Half-a-crown, at the Ticket Stands in the Palace.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—
Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—On FRIDAY NEXT, December 20th, the Thirty-sixth Annual Christmas Performance of HANDEL'S "MESSIAH." Principal Vocalists:—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. George Perren, and Signor Foll. Subscription Concert.

The Band and Chorus, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of, as usual, nearly 700 performers.

Commence at Half-past Seven.
Numbered Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Numbered Gallery, 6s.; Unreserved, 3s.

The "Messiah" will be again performed on the 27th inst. Tickets now ready. Apply at once.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—
Grand Performances of the "MESSIAH," CHRISTMAS EVE; "CREATION," NEW YEAR'S DAY; "ELIJAH," JANUARY 8TH, Mr. Santley and other eminent artists. Band and Chorus, 700. Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN; Organist, Mr. J. G. BOARDMAN. Tickets, 2s., 3s.; Stalls (numbered and reserved the whole evening, 6s., 10s. 6d., 21s. 14 and 15, Exeter Hall (First Floor). Immediate application for Tickets should be made.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.
Director, Mr. JOHN BOOSEY.—The FIFTH CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, January 8th, 1868. Further particulars will be duly announced. Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 3s.; Tickets 2s. and 1s.—to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

MRS. J. C. BEUTHIN begs to announce that she will give a SOIREE MUSICALE, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, on THURSDAY, December 19th, 1867, to commence at Eight o'clock. Artists:—Miss Banks, Madame Emmeline Cole, Madame Armytage Cooper, Mrs. Beuthin, Mr. Wilford Morgan, Mr. Alfred Hemming, Mr. Chaplin Henry, Herr Stepan, Signor Tito Mattel, Herr Oberthur. Conductors:—Herr LEHMAYER and Mr. J. C. BEUTHIN. Tickets, 7s.; Family ditto (to admit four), One Guinea. To be had at Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street; and of Mrs. Beuthin, 37, Bernard Street, Russell Square, W.C.

LA SIGNORINA LUIGIA LEALE will sing, with Mr. CHARLES STANTON, the admired Duet, "ONE WORD," at Herr Haase's Concert, Thursday, December 19th.

MISS EMMELINE COLE and **MR. ALFRED HEMMING** will sing OFFENBACH'S popular Duet from "Lisichen and Fritzen" "I'M AN ALSATIAN," at Mr. Beuthin's Concert, Beethoven Rooms, Thursday, December 19th.

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Violin—MM. Jansa and Strauss.
Violoncello—M. Paque.
Italian—Signor Peppoli.
French—M. Cotte.
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The NEXT TERM will COMMENCE on JANUARY 13TH. The Academy is for Amateurs as well as for Professional Students, Ladies and Gentlemen. Fee, 25 s. per Term, includes Instruction in Three Branches of Study. Three Terms in the Year. Students residing at a distance can receive all their lessons on one day. The Examination Day for the Admission of New Students is Wednesday, Jan. 8th, and Thursday, Jan. 9th, between the hours of Eleven and Four. The Fee for Mrs. Stirling's Class and the Language and Department Classes is 21 s. per Term. Prospectuses at the Hall. JOHN BLAGROVE, Sec.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing SCHIRA'S popular Waltz, "IL BALLO," December 17th, at Stoke; 18th, Longton; and 30th, Burton-on-Trent.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. WALTER BERNARD will sing OFFENBACH's popular duet, "I'M AN ALSATIAN," at the Pimlico Rooms, Belgrave, December 18th; Brixton, 19th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. WALTER BERNARD will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the popular Duet from OFFENBACH's "Lisichen and Fritschen," at the Pimlico Rooms, December 18th; Brixton, December 19th; the Manor House, Hackney, February 6th; and the Islington Institute, February 7.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. LEIGH WILSON will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the popular Duet from OFFENBACH's "Lisichen and Fritschen" at the Glasgow Choral Union Concert, January 1st.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing—18th Inst., Pimlico Rooms; 19th, Brixton; 26th, Clifton (Messiah); 27th, Clifton; 30th, Canterbury (Messiah); January 1st, Glasgow Choral Union, morning and evening (Mozart's Litany, etc.); 3rd, Lynn Philharmonic Society (Messiah); 7th, Coalbrookdale; 9th, Brixton; 22nd, Leeds; February 6th, Manor Rooms, Hackney (Virginia Gabriel's operetta, "Widows Bewitched"); 6th, Islington ("Widows Bewitched"); 11th, Newbury; 12th, Stroud; 17th, Newcastle; 18th, Durham; 19th, 21st, Newcastle; 24th, Lancaster; 27th, Vauxhall. All communications relative to Engagements and Pupils to be addressed to her residence, 19, Newman Street, W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS ANNA HILES (Soprano) is now making her Engagements in the Provinces, for the Winter Season, for Oratorios and Concerts. Address—5, Meadow Lane, Leeds.

MISS FANNY HALDANE will sing "I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER," accompanied on the Harp by Mr. FREDERICK CHARTERIS, at Newbury, December 17th; Christ Church Schools, Jan. 6th, 1868.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing her Favourite Song, "CHERRY RIPE," with Variations (composed expressly for her), at all the Towns during her forthcoming Tours in the Midland and Eastern Counties, in December and January.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing her New Song, "SONGSTERS OF SPRING," expressly composed for her by ALFRED CARMER (Words by B. B. STEVENS), at all the Towns during her forthcoming Tours in the Midland and Eastern Counties, in December and January.

MISS BERRY GREENING is re-engaged at several of the towns at which she sang on her Tour just concluded to sing the "MESSIAH" at Christmas. She is now making engagements for a second Tour for December (Midland Counties), and for a third Tour in January in the Eastern Counties. Letters to be addressed care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing the popular Irish song, "OH! COME TO GLENGARIFF," and with Mr. ALFRED HEMMING, OFFENBACH's FAVOURITE Duet, "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from "Lisichen and Fritschen," at the Beethoven Rooms, December 19th.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing SCHRA's Vocal Waltz, "IL BALLO," and a new song, "AVE MARIA," by WELLINGTON GUERRETT, for the first time, at the Birkbeck Institution, December 18th.

MR. GRANTON KELLY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEEP" (composed by EMILE BERGER), at the City Hall, Glasgow, December 14th (THIS DAY).

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing ASCHER's Popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and BENEDICT's new Song, "NULLA DA TE BELL ANGELO," at the Beethoven Rooms, Thursday Evening, December 17th, at Mrs. Beuthin's Concert.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing, "THE THREE HOMES," composed by GUOLIELMO (Author of the "Lover and the Bird"), at the Vestry Hall, Chelsea, December 19th.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing BENEDICT's new Song, "THE PARTING" ("La Partenza"), at the Birkbeck Institution, December 16th.

MR. BRANDON (Basso), will sing this month at Leeds, Gloucester, Haslingden, Edinburgh, Worcester, Rawtenstall, Kenilworth, Ludlow, Huddersfield, Gaisley, Burslem, Dewsbury, Mirfield, and Saddleworth. All engagements to be addressed to Brunswick Square, Gloucester.

MR. BRANDON will sing Herr Kloss' new and successful song, "THE VALIANT KNIGHT," during the month of December at Heckmondwike, Haslingden, Edinburgh, Gloucester, Saddleworth, Kenilworth, Huddersfield, Worcester, Ludlow, etc., at all his engagements.

MR. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still continues to score Operas, Cantatas, and Single Arias, for Full or Small Bands, on moderate terms. Apply to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Music Publishers, 244, Regent Street; or at Mr. A. GANZ's residence, 37, Golden Square.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing at the Manchester Subscription Concerts, December 28th, ASCHER's Popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing at the Birmingham Saturday Concerts, Town Hall, December 16th, "THE MESSAGE," and ASCHER's Popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of BALFE's popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst Thou but Know"), at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his various engagements in Scotland.

MR. SEYMOUR SMITH will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN's popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Plymouth, December 17th; Devonport, 18th.

MR. CHARLES HALL AT HOME (199, Euston Road, N.W.), where he will be happy to resume his instruction in the Art of Singing for the Concert Room and the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having returned to London, will be glad to receive his Pupils for the Pianoforte and Harmonium at 199, Euston Road, N.W.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at all his Engagements during the Season.

SIGNOR ARDITI begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has REMOVED from SACKVILLE STREET to 41, ALBANY STREET, Regent's Park, N.W.

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"A KISS FOR YOUR THOUGHT," BALLAD.

Poetry by W. C. BENNETT.

The Music by LUIGI ARDITI.

Price 4s.

"To Mdlle. Sinico was entrusted a new song, composed by Signor Arditì, entitled 'A Kiss for your Thought.' It is in the composer's best style, having a flowing, piquant, and taking melody, in which blitheness of song and archness of expression can be admirably blended by a singer even of moderate attainments. Mdlle. Sinico interpreted it with choice brilliancy, and the audience would not be satisfied till she sang it over again. This new 'Kiss' will, we opine, soon become as popular and esteemed as 'Il Bacio.'"—*Brighton Guardian*.

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IN THE PRESS,

NEW SONG, "Love me, Beloved."

COMPOSED BY

A. REICHARDT.

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THE LOVER AND THE BIRD.
THE BEREAVED ONE.
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WITHERED FLOWERS.

UNDER THE HAZEL TREE.
RETURN TO ME.
THE MAID OF MIRIAM.
THE SEA NYMPH'S SONG.

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Words by R. RUSSELL, Esq. "The Summerless Soul," will, ere long, be found on every piano in the United Kingdom." Price 4s.; post free for 24 stamps.

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BALFE'S ADMIRABLE SONG,

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SIGHT-SEEING IN GERMANY.

(Continued from p. 823.)

According to the street boys and street organs Arditì is the most popular man in Germany. They whistle him and grind him morning, noon, and night, until at last you lose all patience with him. The Bacio, whether musically or practically considered, is always diverting, especially as a duet; but you may have too much of it. By the way, I wonder how it's spelt, with one or two c's? I never know. It is not of much importance, as the number of c's perhaps serve to indicate the nature of the particular article referred to—thus, *Il Bacio dolce* may safely be written with one, the *Ba* in such cases being long; *Il Baccio staccato* with two, the *cio* being short; *Il Baccio rubato* (anglicé, smack) with three, and so on *ad infinitum* if the original intention has become impossible to carry out, or the action itself is a mere matter of form. William Chappell says the Bacio was even more popular in the seventeenth century than it is at the present day. The learned antiquary seems to have forgotten Arditì when making the interesting statement, which, moreover, let us hope, is somewhat exaggerated. He declares it was a custom to which the Puritans had a real or pretended aversion, and that before their time it was not only customary to salute a partner at the commencement and end of a dance, but also on first meeting a fair friend in the morning or on taking leave of her. How is it possible to keep one's temper on hearing that such practices were ever put an end to? Chaucer in the "Somnour's Tale" relates how the friar performed the act of gallantry in question with all due activity and zeal. As soon as the mistress of the house enters the room

—"he riseth up full courtly
And her embraceth in his armes narrow
And kiseth her sweet, and chirketh as a sparrow
With his lippes."

Cavendish in his *Life of Cardinal Wolsey* gives an account of going to the "Castle of M. de Crequi," a French nobleman, "and very nigh of blood to Louis XII., where," he says, "I being in a fair, great dining chamber, where the table was covered for dinner, I attended my lady's coming; and, after she came thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. And when she with her train came all out, she said to me—'Forasmuch as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offence, and although it be not so here in this realm (of France), yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' By means whereof I kissed my lady and all her women. Then went she to her dinner, being as nobly served as I have seen any of her estate here in England."

In the same reign, Erasmus writes to a friend, describing the beauty, the courtesy, and gentleness of the English ladies, in glowing terms, and this custom as one never sufficiently to be praised. He tells him that if he were to come to England he would never be satisfied with remaining for ten years, but must wish to live and die here.

A Spanish pamphlet in the library of the British Museum, dated 1604, gives an account of the ceremonies observed during the residence of the Duke de Frias (Ambassador Plenipotentiary from the Spanish Court, in England), on the accession of James I. In that, the writer says—"The Ambassador kissed Her Majesty's hands, craving at the same time permission to salute the ladies present, a custom of which the non-observance on such occasions is deeply resented by the fair sex of this country;" and leave was accordingly given.—*Ellis's Letters on English History*.

Again, when the celebrated Bulstrode Whitelocke was at the Court of Christina, Queen of Sweden, as Ambassador from Cromwell, he waited on her on May-day to invite her "to take the air, and some little collation, which he had provided as her humble servant." Having obtained her consent, she, with several ladies of her Court accompanied him; and Her Majesty, "both in supper-time and afterwards," being "full of pleasantries and gaiety of spirits, among other frolics, commanded him to teach her ladies the English mode of salutation; which, after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitelocke most readily."—*Gentleman's Magazine*. From these passages, it is evident that the custom was as much admired by the ladies of other countries as it was peculiar to this.

Whytford's *Pype of Perfection* has been quoted to prove

that objection was taken to the Bacio at the time of the Reformation; but Whytford objected, not only to kissing, but also to every sort of salutation, even to shaking of hands, among religious persons. He says, "It becometh not, therefore, the persones religious to follow the manner of secular persones, that in their congresses, or common meetyngs or departyngs, do use to kisse, take hands, or such other touchings."

John Bunyan gives an amusing account of his scruples on the subject in his *Grace Abounding*:—"When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but, then, I have asked them why they made balks? Why did they salute the most handsome and let the ill-favoured go?" This last question was, no doubt, rather perplexing to the good men to answer; but here Bunyan proves that very few were troubled by his scruples. The abandonment of the custom is said to have been "a part of that French code of politeness which Charles II. introduced on his restoration." The last traces of its existence are perhaps in one or two letters from country gentlemen, in the *Spectator*, one of which occurs in No. 240. The writer relates of himself that he had always been in the habit, even in great assemblies, of saluting all the ladies round; but a town-bred gentleman had lately come into the neighbourhood and introduced his "fine reserved airs." "Whenever," says the writer, "he came into a room, he made a profound bow and fell back, then recovered with a soft air and made a bow to the next, and so on. This is taken for the present fashion, and there is no young gentleman within several miles of this place who has been kissed ever since his first appearance among us."

All these classical quotations and the remarks thereon are to be found in William Chappell's interesting book about old tunes, in which are love ditties innumerable by Arditìs of that happy period when the Bacio was a national institution and "all the go," not only as it is now, but in a far more satisfactory form. It is still the rage in Germany, as the street boys and organ boys hourly prove, while the ecstatic way in which the men embrace each other in public, shows that, as a practice, it is still most popular. The old fashion excited the indignation of my friends, who declared it was monstrous that men, especially military men, should kiss each other in the streets. An organ under my window playing the celebrated waltz tune in *Do*, in spite of my "don't" and a reward to go into the next street, gave rise to all that has been said on this delicate subject. The organ has moved on, and is now, *Laus Deo*, out of hearing, so that the account of our travels can be continued in peace and quietness.

By the time we reached Hanover, the *douanier* at Harburg, and his "insolence of office," were forgotten in the pleasant anticipation of all we were to see in the capital town. But disappointment awaited us. Rain—remorseless, uncompromising rain, blighted our prospects, and blasted all our hopes. It is impossible to do any sight-seeing cheerfully in a deluge. At least we found it so. Then, again, Hanover itself was shedding tears, and to be cheerful in a town of mourning is even more impossible. We alighted at the British Hotel, and, the morning following our arrival, we hired a broken-down vehicle, which took us to the Summer Palace of the banished Royal Family, but the Summer Palace was shut up, and looked very dreary and miserable in the wet. We went to some of the principal shops in the town; they were deserted, and their keepers, when interrogated, followed the example of the weather, and wept like so many children at the loss they had experienced in the forced departure of the Court. "Ah," said one, "we would give all we possess, if our good King and Queen were only restored to us."

At the British Hotel lived Count Stolberg, the Governor of Hanover *pro tem*. This representative of the Russian Government, for the time being, seemed very much like "the man in possession," who either from preference or fear of spoiling the furniture, inhabits the kitchen instead of the better rooms of a house of which he has the care. Why the Governor located himself at an hotel, when the palaces were empty, I could not understand. The town presented a most melancholy appearance: shops closed, houses shut up, signs of desolation all around. We were glad

enough to leave it. During the journey to Cologne, I entered into conversation with a German, and expressed my regret at the sad state of Hanover. He assured me I was mistaken—that the inhabitants were never so happy and prosperous. I told him how certain I was that such was not the case, and that the return of the King was most eagerly desired. No such thing; it was quite the reverse. As my fellow-traveller was a Prussian, we changed the subject of conversation, feeling sure we should never agree on that which had been started.

"Here we are in Eau de Cologne!" exclaimed one of our party, as we came to our journey's end. I am not sure that the *mot* was intended, but incline to think it was a slip of the tongue; however, considering the wet weather which had followed us, it was taken credit for as an impromptu witticism, and must be recorded as such.

In Cologne, to the Hotel du Nord, which we found in a state of great commotion, brilliantly illuminated, a large flag flying on the roof, the fountain in the court-yard, usually very insignificant, springing some thirty feet into the air, bright red stair carpets and matting laid down, the entrance and corridors tastily decorated with flowers and wreaths of laurel. What had happened? The mystery was soon explained. *Der Kron Prinz* and family were staying at the hotel. They had been *en route* for England, but the doctors having forbidden the Princess, our Princess Royal, to travel further, they had changed their plans and remained in Cologne some days.

The Royal Guests did great honour to mine host of the Nord in staying at his hostelry, but severely tried the loyalty of some more ordinary customers by monopolizing all the best apartments. "No rooms on the first floor—first floor all occupied by the Kron Prinz," said the landlord with pride. I was well enough satisfied to get any room, at the late hour at which we arrived; but it was not so with all of us, one of the party complaining loudly that so much consideration was shown to Royalty.

Although we had "done" Cologne some few weeks before, we visited the Cathedral again and went to the Museum. An intelligent guide showed us this time over the Dom. He directed our attention to the painted windows presented to the Cathedral by Ludovic, King of Bavaria (Lola Montes' Ludwig), in 1848. They are very splendid, and cost, it is said, £9,000. The modern windows in the church are finer and more effective than the ancient, especially those in the nave. We were shown, of course, the casket containing the skulls and bones of the Magi. The sacristan told us he was present when it was opened three years ago, when many doctors and authorities examined the bones and pronounced them genuine and 1800 years old! It's true enough that they can be traced authentically 1400 years—long enough to render them interesting to the curious in such matters.

The Cologne Museum is a depot of very strange paintings and old things, such as mosaics, sculpture, and sarcophagi, dug up in the neighbourhood of the city at different times. A modern marble figure, by Voss, called "Lorelei," is the most remarkable work of art of the present day in the collection. Steinle's frescoes are good, and there is a picture or two by Bendeman, better than the rest, but not so excellent as to excite admiration. The catalogue is a curiosity in its way. There are no specimens of the great masters in the Museum, but to give importance and bulk to the catalogue, memoirs of Rubens, Vandyck, and others, pompously head the lists of pictures in the various styles of painting. While walking through the galleries, wondering at the horrible pictures of martyrdom exhibited, our guide suddenly evinced signs of impatience. He was very sorry, he said, pulling a pair of white kid gloves out of his pocket, but he had to escort the Royal Family to the railway station—it was already time they had started. We had had enough of the Museum and agreed to go back to the hotel. A regimental band was playing; there was a crowd round the door; the fountain sprang higher than ever into the air; the family luggage of the Crown Prince lay scattered about the court-yard. Every preparation was being made for departure. The ladies waited some time in the hall, and were at length gratified by receiving a smiling recognition of their obeisance from the Princess as she passed them, and by patting one of the juvenile Princes on the head as H.R.H. got into the carriage. The landlord's daughter, in festal array, handed the Princess a huge bouquet, the Crown Prince said a few words to

the landlord, and then, amid some very weak cheering, the Royal travellers drove off to the railway station, followed by their suite.

I was at luncheon when they started. A quarter of an hour elapsed and what a change came over the Hotel du Nord! The red stair carpets disappeared—the flowers were removed as if by magic—the fountain ceased playing—the old porter slept soundly in his lodge—the waiters were away dividing the *largesse* which had been left them by the departed Prince. Would I like to see the State apartments, asked the landlord, who had hardly recovered from the effects of the short conversation with his future King. I went through the suite of rooms at the host's invitation. The chairs were being hurriedly covered over by an industrious *stuben mädchen*, the table-cloth had been as rapidly taken off, and the common deal table, which it had concealed, was exposed to view. In ten minutes more all traces of Royalty had passed away, and the Hotel du Nord became again the temporary habitation of ordinary travellers.

From Cologne to Ghent, on our way home, for it was getting too late in the year to extend our tour. Experience at the Hotel Royal in Ghent convinced us we had made no change for the better on leaving Germany as far as the *cuisine* was concerned; indeed, the same observation applied to all other amusements as well as those of the table. We went through the usual course of sight-seeing, and visited the convent village of Les Béguinages, where there are 103 nunneries "all of a row," inhabited by 700 nuns of the order of Sainte Bega. In a house, outside the gates of the village, lace made by the sisters is sold, and a picture, said to be by Raphael, is exhibited. I can say nothing as to the worth or worthlessness of the nuns' handiwork, but the picture—a head of Christ—is hardly good enough to deceive the veriest neophyte in works of art. It would serve Madame Rachel's purpose well, as showing to what perfection "the beautiful for ever" principle can be brought. It is an injustice to the holy sisters that such a deception should be attempted in their behalf, for you are expected to buy the lace or give something for seeing the pseudo Raphael, which latter is certainly not worth paying for. We intended to attend service in the chapel of the nunnery, but unfortunately arrived too late to do so. It was just over as we reached the building, and the nuns were leaving. A singular effect they made as the 700 came out in two and three at a time. The stream of black gowns and white coifs seemed interminable. They quickly disappeared, as the houses of all adjoined the chapel, which, with the gates of the village, was closed to all strangers as soon as service terminated. Thence to the Cathedral.

It is All Souls' Day, and High Mass is being celebrated—the Bishop of Ghent, assisted by a large body of priests, officiating. The chancel is crowded, and the gaudy robes of the dignitaries of the Church shine brightly in the rays of the Autumn sun. The service is performed with all imaginable pomp and ceremony. But in that part of the church which is open to the public there is not much appearance of sanctity or devotion. It might be the side scenes of a theatre for what is going on there. A woman is busy sweeping; a boy goes round with a long stick to light the tapers; strangers, accompanied by their *valets de place*, are criticizing the pictures by Rubens and Vandyck, which are uncovered, and can be seen for nothing on holy days. From where I take my stand, near one of the columns, I hear an animated conversation between a young couple, who have just met by appointment. The lady complains of having been kept waiting, the gentleman declares business detained him. They discuss last night's opera, and presently leave the church together. We walk round the chancel and watch the priests and their doings; but the choir, singing half a tone flatter than the organ, makes it impossible to remain there long. I never heard such music. On passing down the aisles to leave the building, a woman with a child in her arms accosts us, begging. I give her a few coppers, and, of a sudden, a crowd of beggars surround me. Where they all come from I know not. It is with difficulty I make my way through them and get out of the church, thinking the while how much wiser it would be for the Bishop of Ghent to attend more to the doings of his congregation and less to the vanities of those outward forms and ceremonies in which he was then engaged. In the evening to the theatre, where the opera was announced in the following quaint style:—

N° 20.

Gand, Vendredi 1^{er} Novembre 1867.

MESSIEURS,

J'ai l'honneur de vous donner connaissance de la composition du spectacle qui sera donné aujourd'hui.

8^{me} représentation du 2^{me} mois de l'abonnement.**FAUST ET MARGUERITE**

Opéra-Fantastique en 5 actes et 12 tableaux, paroles de M^{rs} Jules Barbier, et Michel Carré, musique de Charles Gounod.

Docteur Faust,	M ^{rs} Fabre.
Méphistophélès,	Bryon-Dorgeva.
Valentin,	Carman.
Wagner,	Desveaux.
Un étudiant,	Willems.
Marguerite,	M ^{mes} Blanche Baretti.
Siebel,	Amélie Gaivre.
Marthe,	Bolzé.
Bourgeois, soldats, étudiants, vieillards, matrones, etc., etc.	

Au deuxième acte :

VALSEDanseé par M. Paul Montessu, M^{les} Pozzoni et Anna Serindat.Les bureaux s'ouvriront à 6 h. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Lever du rideau à 6 h. $\frac{3}{4}$.

Recevez, Messieurs, l'assurance de mon profond respect,
CHARLES, régisseur.

There is something either very original or very old-fashioned in the idea of a stage manager making such an announcement to the public, with his compliments. I suppose he "farms" the play-bills, and by this strange means identifies himself with the theatre to prevent others interfering with his rights.

Mdlle. Blanche Baretti, a pupil, I believe, of Duprez, is by far the most poetical Marguerite on the stage. She was a "star" indeed in the operatic firmament of Ghent—a firmament in which no other luminary shone, but which was darkened by some of the very darkest clouds. Her "reading" of the part was perfect. Nothing exaggerated, and yet every phase in Marguerite's growing love and sad despair most faithfully portrayed. To watch the progress of such a performance was a treat. Mdlle. Faivre proved a plump and efficient Siebel. The Devil was good. The other artists were too essentially French to please me. But the chorus! What can be said of that? Nothing bad enough. The *vieillards* were so infirm as to be inaudible; and, worse still, the *matrones* were so wiry and out of tune as to be quite intolerable. The orchestra was nothing remarkable, and not improved by a piccolo-piano doing service for some of the instruments. A great feature in the evening's entertainment was a facetious footman, who, every time he made his appearance, bowed ironically to the audience, and was applauded to the echo in return.

From Ghent we went for a day to Antwerp (or Antrip, as a New Zealander, not Macaulay's, will insist on calling it). The railroad thither is the most completely "home made" I ever travelled by. The carriages are of the strangest form, and the engines so rusty as to defy comparison with any others.

WALTER MAYNARD.

(To be continued.)

GLASGOW.—Yesterday evening, Mr. Baylis justified the sub-title of his Colosseum Theatre and Opera-house by the first appearance on its stage of an English Opera company—boasting Mdlle. Florence Lancia as chief. The work chosen was *Il Trovatore*. As Leonora, Mdlle. Lancia had a large share of the work. Her solo in the first act, "Twas night, and all around was still," may be cited as one of her best vocal efforts; but, throughout, her fine voice was much admired, as was also her very intelligent and careful acting. The latter qualities were more particularly displayed in the beginning of the fourth act where she sings "Breeze of the Night." Such prolonged and hearty applause greeted this beautifully pensive air that the singer might well have accepted the tribute as an encore had she so chosen. Mr. W. Parkinson was Manrico, and acquitted himself fairly. The song, "Ah, yes, thou art mine," was encored. Mr. Charles Durand personated the Count de Luna, and Miss Carlotta Zerbini merits commendation for her performance of Azucena. The band, conducted by Mr. George Cooke, was strong and efficient, more than we can say for the chorus. *La Sonnambula* is announced for to-night.—*Glasgow Morning News*, Dec. 10.

KÖNIGSBURG.—The festival in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation has been fixed by the Musical Academy for next Whitsuntide. Herr Anton Rubinstein will officiate as conductor-in-chief, besides being the principal solo player.

THE BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

What was announced as "The First Brighton and County of Sussex Musical Festival," duly came off on Friday and Saturday last. From the use of the word "First" we naturally infer the intention to hold a series, in imitation of Birmingham, Norwich, and the sister cities of the West. There is no reason whatever why this should not be. Brighton is a large place containing very many persons, presumably of cultivated tastes. It is wealthy and able, if so disposed, to bear the expenses of such an enterprise; while its nearness to the metropolis makes available every wished-for resource. Hitherto large musical gatherings like those of last week have been out of the question simply because there was no place in which to hold them. The ordinary concert rooms—in the Pavilion and elsewhere—were inadequate for such a purpose; and, had it not been (as we are told) for the enterprise and public spirit of a King's Road tradesman, oratorio performances on an efficient scale would have remained impossible in Brighton. The gentleman in question having obtained a strip of land running from West Street to Middle Street, a few yards from, and parallel with the King's Road, erected a hall 200 feet long, 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and capable of holding 2,000 persons. Perhaps it would be more correct to speak of the act of building this place in the present tense, because, although inaugurated, it is by no means completed. Sufficient reasons can, no doubt, be given for turning the artificers out awhile to put the artists in, but the result was not unalloyed good. Walls streaming with damp, and in all the primitive simplicity of their constituent bricks, which festoons of drapery and bunches of artificial flowers only made the more conspicuous, incomplete approaches by no means inviting, and the general carpenter's shop aspect of the interior,—not to mention draughts sufficient to make some of the audience put up their umbrellas—cannot be said to have increased the attractions of the Festival. Enough was finished on the occasion, however, to show that when everything is done, Brighton will have a concert-hall of which it need not be ashamed. One of the permanent features of the place will be a large orchestral organ, the case and part of the contents of which are already in position. This instrument, built by Messrs. Bryceson Brothers and Co., is one of the largest in the kingdom, and is fitted with every available improvement. It has four complete manuals—solo, swell, great, and choir organs—also an independent pedal organ of thirty notes, the largest pipe being 32 feet long. The couplers and combination pedals are all furnished with the pneumatic apparatus, and the bellows supplies three pressures of wind. The case is of Italian design, its dimensions being 37 feet high, 25 feet wide, and 16 feet deep. The number of stops is sixty-four, and of pipes 2,764. So far as the organ can be estimated in an unfinished state, the builders may claim credit for their work, and the town may boast an efficient orchestral instrument. Mr. Frederic Archer has been appointed organist, the choice of that gentleman supplying a sufficient guarantee that the contemplated recitals will be as thoroughly attractive as execution can make them.

In arranging for the Festival the managers showed a most commendable liberality. Its details were placed in the capable hands of Mr. Nimmo, who spared nothing in order to secure effective performances. Mr. Benedict was engaged as conductor; the best metropolitan players, with M. Sainton at their head, formed the orchestra; a capital chorus, mostly from London, was drilled for the occasion by Signor Randegger; and the solo vocalists were the most distinguished available. It is no matter for surprise, therefore, that the Brighton Festival was, musically speaking, a success, or that the performances were worthy of a place among the best of their kind. Judiciously abstaining from any attempt to do too much, the managers were content with giving four concerts only, thus limiting the Festival to a couple of days. The opening performance was on Friday morning, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* constituted the programme. There was a good, but not full attendance; and the best proof of the earnestness of those present on this, as well as every subsequent occasion, was to be seen in the courage with which they endured the damp chilly atmosphere and the rushing draughts of the unfinished building. The principal singers were Madame Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley. It is quite enough to say that these well-known artists sang the well-known music precisely as if the *locale* had been Exeter Hall, Madame Dolby

obtained the usual encore for her truly expressive delivery of "O rest in the Lord," and a similar honour intended to be paid to the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," was very properly declined by the conductor out of respect to its delicious sequel, "He, watching over Israel." The band, made up of men like Sainton, Weist Hill, Watson, Doyle, G. Collins, Howell, Pratten, Lazarus, and Barrett, was perfect, as a matter of course; while the chorus, whose tone and balance were both good, never missed a point from beginning to end. There was only one drawback to this otherwise excellent performance, which was supplied by the organ, or rather by the organist. Mr. Frederic Archer is an admirable manipulator of his instrument, but seems to be deficient in the good judgment necessary to an orchestral player. At each of the oratorio performances the organ, instead of being in the rear, came to the front, as if seeking to engross attention. In this it certainly succeeded, but the kind of attention paid it was not the most complimentary.

The concert of Friday evening had a miscellaneous programme of very great length, and made up of selections to suit all tastes. Rossini's *William Tell* Overture opened the first part; and Mendelssohn's part-song, "O hills, O vales," closed it. Between these extremes was found, among other things, Benedict's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, played by Madame Arabella Goddard. The accomplished performer has taken the work in hand on more important occasions—at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, and the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, for example—but she has never given it more superbly than in the Brighton Hall. Mr. Benedict must have felt more than satisfied at hearing his capital composition rendered not only with mechanical accuracy, but with a true feeling for its beauties, and an intellectual grasp of its deepest meaning. The last two movements of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto also had a place in the first part, and were heard with attention, being given with the clearness and delicacy which make M. Sainton's solo playing always acceptable. Of the vocal pieces, the more remarkable were, "O Ruddier than the Cherry," sung by Mr. Santley, and encored; Mr. W. H. Cummings' excellent song, "Home-bound Sails," given by the composer; and Mozart's "L'Addio," in which Madame Dolby was very effective. Mr. George Perren was encored for a tasteful rendering of Benedict's "Eily Mavourneen;" and Mr. Lewis Thomas sang the "Mill Wheel" with his invariable success. The second part opened with the overture to *Zampa*, and closed with the "Wedding March." All else were vocal pieces, except Thalberg's "Masaniello" fantasia, which was brilliantly played by Madame Goddard. Signor Randegger's tuneful and pretty trio, "I Naviganti," and the same composer's ballad, "Sunshine and Shade" (Mr. Cummings), met with deserved success; as did "Non piu andrai," sung with genuine humour by Mr. Lewis Thomas. Miss Rose Hersee, in Benedict's variations on "The Carnival of Venice," and Mr. George Perren in "My pretty Jane" (encored), were also thoroughly appreciated.

The programme of Saturday morning contained Benedict's *St. Cecilia* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and was, therefore, one of great interest. That the audience was somewhat thin must be attributed to the bitter inclemency of the weather, and the experience of the previous day with regard to the hall. But if the attendance fell short of reasonable expectations, the performance went beyond them. We have never heard a more satisfactory rendering of the conductor's latest and greatest work—principals, chorus, and orchestra being alike well up to their work. The solos were sustained by Madame Sherrington, Madame Dolby, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley. As was to be expected, the first-named lady created a great impression in the beautiful canticle which forms the *finale*, securing for it an encore injudiciously asked for, and yet more injudiciously complied with. To repeat that *scena* is to court an anti-climax. Madame Dolby sang the air, "Father, whose blessing," with genuine feeling. Nor was the more arduous tenor music less efficiently given by Mr. Cummings, who was especially happy in the fine song, "A wondrous change." Mr. Santley, as the Prefect, was perfection itself, particularly in the delivery of "What mean these zealots vile?" The choruses were well given—the fine, but, as we think, too largely developed anthem, "God is our hope," coming out grandly. As usual, the angels' song, "From our home," was the least effective. At the close of the work Mr. Benedict was called for, and ap-

plauded with the utmost heartiness. In the *Stabat Mater* the same ladies were engaged, but the gentlemen were replaced by Mr. George Perren and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The former was remarkably successful in his delivery of "Cujus Animum," and the latter not less so in "Pro peccatis." Both these efforts were warmly applauded, as they deserved. Of Madame Sherrington and Madame Dolby it will be sufficient to say that they were quite equal, in all they did, to the expectations excited. As to the choral portions of the work, what was said of *St. Cecilia* applies in the same degree to the *Stabat Mater*.

The last concert of the Festival was the most fully attended of all; a fact by no means surprising when it is known that the work presented was the *Messiah*. A singular feature of the evening was the absence of any "interval;" the oratorio being given from beginning to end without a break. Of the actual performance there is really little to be said, beyond the general statement that everything was more or less satisfactorily done. The soloists being Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Dolby, Fraulein Drasdil, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, their delivery of the familiar music must be too well-known to need description. A vigorous and well sustained attempt was made to encore "For unto us," but Mr. Benedict went on, unheeding the heedless wish with as much good sense (did not the last London train leave at eleven o'clock?) as he showed in *Elijah*. With a spirited execution of the closing fugue, the Festival came to end.

A special word is due to Mr. Benedict for so admirably conducting the four concerts. That indefatigable worker and accomplished musician thereby added another to his long list of successes.

THADDEUS EGG.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Maretzek is once more enabled to fulfil his compact with the public. The opera will be resumed at the Academy this evening, when *Romeo e Giulietta* is to be offered for the second time with but one change in the original cast, Signor Bellini being named as Mercutio instead of Signor Oriandini. The season has but a short time longer to run, as engagements have been made for producing them at Selwyn's new theatre, Boston, about the 10th of December. To-morrow evening Madame Parepa-Rosa will appear for the first time as Rosina in the *Barber of Seville*, with Ronconi as Figaro, and Baragli, Bellini, and Medini in the cast. This promises to be a most interesting performance, and one that no *habitué* can afford to miss.—There is to be no opera in Brooklyn this week. A *matinée* takes place at the New York Academy on Saturday.—Artists who have never been in this country inquire whether such talent as Miss Kellogg shows is sufficiently appreciated in America. In answer we invite attention to Miss Kellogg's letter, published in the *World* of Saturday, in which she expresses her surprise at the unsatisfactory condition of opera in Paris as compared with the institution in New York; and also to the extract from a London letter, written by the president of the stockholders of the New York Academy, wherein the statement is clearly made that New York demands and obtains a better class of operatic artists than any other city in the world. We would further note the popularity achieved here by Madame Parepa-Rosa, whose versatility and artistic merit was never fairly appraised until she appeared in the United States, although she had sung in English opera in London and on the Italian stage in the chief cities of the Continent. During the year she has sung before a quarter of a million of people residing in about twenty-five cities scattered over an area fifteen hundred miles long by seven or eight hundred wide. On her return home this most indefatigable *prima donna* will be able to testify to the reception everywhere accorded her, and to the amount of "application" that real vocal worth finds, even in the young cities of the New West. We have no record of a singer having accomplished the task that Madame Rosa has so far brilliantly fulfilled.—At the Eighth Sunday Concert, given last evening at Steinway Hall, Madame Parepa-Rosa was greeted by an audience that completely filled the building. Madame Rosa introduced a song by A. H. Wood, called "One Year Ago," which met with prompt acceptance. She also sang "Angels ever Bright and Fair," and the duet, "Sante Voce" (Donizetti), with Peguin Ferranti. Mr. Carl Rosa created a furore by his performance of the "Devil's Trill" (Tartini), and Moeser's Fantasia on *Der Freyschütz*. Mr. Pfeiffer gave his pianoforte arrangement of the "Carnival of Venice," and his variations on the *Ernani* cavatina.—*New York World*, Nov. 23.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Second Concert of the Musical Society of Russia: Faust Overture, Wagner; Entr'act, Recitative, and Air from *Rusalka*, Darjomigsky; Fantasia for Orchestra on Serbian Themes, Rimski-Korsakoff; and Schumann's B flat major Symphony.

PACINI.—The Italian papers announce the death of Pacini, the celebrated composer of *Saffo* and many other operas, at the age of 72.

Exposition Universelle.

LES PIANOS ANGLAIS.

On voyage vite dans les galeries du Champ de Mars, et, sans sortir de la classe 10, on a bientôt fait de passer du nouveau monde dans l'ancien. Revenons donc en Europe et arrêtons-nous d'abord en Angleterre.

De tous les exposants entrés ou restés en lice, le célèbre Broadwood doit occuper la première place dans cet examen. C'est une gloire industrielle et artistique par ses tendances, qui date de loin en Angleterre, ou plutôt dans les deux mondes. Les chefs de cette grande fabrique instrumentale auraient bien pu se ranger parmi les facteurs émérites de l'époque, parmi ceux qu'on est convenu de mettre hors de concours, bien qu'ils soient tous, mieux que jamais, en état de concourir et de se disputer pied à pied les palmes de l'Exposition. La maison Broadwood n'a pas moins fait que ses rivaux de France : Le même honneur négatif lui revenait de droit.

Mais les doyens de la facture anglaise ont tenu à concourir, et je ne puis que les approuver d'avoir persisté dans leur résolution, au point d'obtenir cette faveur qui d'ailleurs me semble bien légitime. Je dis *faveur*, et c'en est une apparemment : puisque les facteurs français, rivaux des Broadwood à toutes les expositions précédentes, ont été éloignés du concours, il est évident que les Anglais ont eu une chance heureuse en étant autorisés à exposer leurs produits, qui leur ont valu la première médaille d'or.

Il est regrettable, à plus d'un titre, que, contrairement à ce qui s'est passé, le concours ne soit pas permis ou plutôt imposé à tous les anciens lauréats des expositions tant qu'ils demeurent fabricants actifs et producteurs. Il y aurait bien des raisons à donner pour prouver l'équité et l'utilité de cette mesure. En effet, il n'est pas sans exemple que des facteurs, après s'être placés au premier rang, aient perdu leur haute position pour s'être endormis sur leurs succès, pour avoir négligé leur fabrication, ou enfin pour toute autre cause, indépendante ou non de leur volonté.

N'est-il pas utile et juste que dans les occasions solennelles où les industriels sont appelés à faire juger leurs produits, ces convocations soient générales et sans exception aucune, afin que les uns aient le bénéfice de leurs progrès laborieusement réalisés, les autres l'honneur de leur supériorité habilement et consciencieusement maintenue, et tous l'appréciation impartiale, favorable ou, au besoin, sévère de l'exploitation de leur industrie ? Ce serait, il me semble, le moyen de mettre en lumière le travail persévérant et le talent réel ; de plus, le public, édifié sur la confiance qu'il devrait avoir dans les réputations industrielles, serait en garde contre les déceptions préjudiciables qu'il peut éprouver en s'adressant à des établissements déchu d'une valeur qui n'avait été que passagère, mais qui leur avait fait un nom auquel on pourrait toujours se laisser tromper.

A l'heure qu'il est je suis en Angleterre et à Londres, dans les ateliers de MM. Broadwood, ou, pour parler un langage plus positif, je suis devant les beaux et bons instruments qui en sont sortis pour venir représenter la facture anglaise, dans le palais du Champ de Mars.

La maison Broadwood était déjà en prospérité en 1789, lorsque Sébastien Erard passa en Angleterre pour établir à Londres une fabrique correspondant à celle qu'il avait déjà fondée à Paris. La facture de Broadwood était basée sur un système qu'il avait inventé et que, pour cela même, on appelait le système anglais ; Sébastien Erard l'adopta en le perfectionnant, et l'employa à sa manière et selon ses idées personnelles dans les premiers pianos à queue qu'il fabriqua à Paris en 1796.

Si Erard perfectionnait en France le système anglais, Broadwood, améliorait toujours sa fabrication, qu'il porta au plus haut degré de fini, sous le double rapport du mécanisme et de la sonorité. Certes le plus bel éloge qu'on puisse faire de son esprit inventif, c'est de dire qu'il obtenait ces résultats dès l'origine du piano et lorsqu'on sortait à peine de la trop longue routine du clavier : il y avait tout à créer ; grâce à lui le piano, en naissant, apparut avec les principes indiqués et déjà mis en œuvre, des éléments constitutifs de l'instrument qui devait s'emparer du monde musical et y fonder pour toujours l'empire de l'harmonie.

Broadwood, dans l'accomplissement de ces améliorations, fut aidé des conseils du grand pianiste Clementi, qui devint bientôt son rival et son concurrent, et de ceux de Cramer, qui ne cessa jamais d'être le pianiste affectionné de cette maison, dont il faisait

admirablement valoir les instruments par son jeu si lié, si pur et si chantant.

C'est cette faculté chantante, si recherchée et si musicale, que Broadwood sut donner tout d'abord à ses pianos, dont elle a toujours été une des qualités dominantes : plénitude et finesse de vibration dans les basses, sonorité puissante et pour ainsi dire vocale dans le médium ; dans les dessus, éclat, et jusque dans la ténuité, rondeur et distinction : voilà ce qui caractérise la partie sonore de ces instruments. Ces qualités sont développées avec toute la perfection désirable dans les pianos à queue. Dans les autres formats on les retrouve fidèlement reproduites, mais avec les restrictions imposées par la différence des modèles.

Quant à la partie mécanique, les claviers manquaient un peu de la légèreté ou plutôt de la souplesse élastique que les inventions d'Erard ont si ingénieusement obtenue. Mais ils sont, aujourd'hui, bien plus finement réglés, et leur égalité est complètement en rapport avec celle du son, qui est parfaite.

On peut dire que tels furent les premiers résultats des recherches et des travaux de Broadwood, et que ce sont encore là les précieux avantages qu'on admire dans les pianos fabriqués par ses fils, ses dignes continuateurs. Ce qu'on doit signaler dans leur exposition, ce n'est pas un progrès, c'est un magnifique *statu quo*.

A côté de MM. Broadwood on a regretté de ne pas trouver M. Collard, de Londres, le successeur de Clementi : cette maison importante soutient la réputation que lui a léguée celui qui fut l'unique rival de Broadwood ; mais elle n'a pas cru devoir exposer. Je connais ses pianos, et je déclare qu'ils auraient dignement tenu leur place à l'Exposition du Champ de Mars.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF MENDELSSOHN.

"It was towards the end of last October," says an enthusiastic friend of the writer, "that I paid a visit to the grave of Mendelssohn. It is in the old Trinity grave-yard—the 'Court of Peace,' as the German word beautifully signifies—outside the Helle Thor, one of the gates of Berlin. And a peaceful quiet spot I found it. The gate of the cemetery was locked when I arrived, but the sexton was not far away, and they quickly found him for me in the adjoining 'Friedhof' of the 'New Jerusalem Christians.' I looked through the railings as they fetched him, and I thought that the New Jerusalem people, whoever they might be, were to be envied. Their cemetery was a paradise, in which each grave was a lovely flowering garden. Anything more invitingly neat and charming I had never before seen. The old man came along the path, with his rake in one hand and his keys in the other, and then we walked on to the gate of the larger cemetery in which Mendelssohn lies. The path lay for about a hundred yards through an avenue of poplars and planes. The first frosts of autumn had already brought down many leaves, which formed a thick yellow carpet under our feet, and as we went along others came softly floating down to join their old companions on the ground. No fitter introduction to a grave-yard could have been wished. Not a breath was stirring, but all was perfectly calm and still. It was a very fine afternoon; the sun was on the point of setting, and threw red horizontal beams on the mottled trunks of the planes above me, and lighted up the yellow foliage with a bright and cheerful glow—cheerful, yet everything telling of decay; just what it should be for a visit to the grave of that sweet bright nature. The burial place of the Mendelssohns is on the right, just after you enter the gate. There are several tombstones, some lying down, some standing up; the former covered thick with ivy and other creepers; all are enclosed by railings, and the interstices are planted with yews, box, and pine, which form a thick tufted screen on all sides except the front. The tomb of Felix is in the very middle. It is a plain cross of white stone, about four feet six high, and upon the face of it are the following words:—'Jacob Ludwig Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, geboren zu Hamburg, am 3 Feb. 1809, gestorben zu Leipzig, am 4 Nov. 1847.' To the right is the stone of his sister—'Fanny Cécilie Hensel, geborne Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, with the date of her death, 14th March, 1847, and a few bars from one of her songs, 'Gedanken gehn und Lieder, fort bis in Himmelreich.' I picked some twigs from the trees and a leaf of ivy, and came away thinking that a fitter resting-place for Felix Mendelssohn could not be wished or imagined."

LYNN (NORFOLK).—A pianoforte recital was lately given by Mr. J. A. Reddie, in the Assembly Room, consisting of performances by young ladies and gentlemen, his pupils, with one or two vocal pieces introduced. The performers generally acquitted themselves well, and some of them in quite a superior style; and at the close a deserved compliment was paid to Mr. Reddie and his pupils, by the Rev. T. White, head-master of the Grammar School.

MENDELSSOHN'S "REFORMATION SYMPHONY."

(From the Crystal Palace Programme, Nov. 30th.)

The composition which is to-day presented for the first time to the audience of the Crystal Palace Concerts derives its name of "*Reformation Symphony*," from its connection with the tercentenary festival of the Augsburg Protestant Confession, which was celebrated in Germany on June 25th, 1830. In the catalogue of the unpublished works of Mendelssohn, by Herr Julius Rietz, of Dresden, one of his executors, appended to the second volume of Letters, the work is described as *Sinfonie zur Feier des Reformationsfestes, D moll, 1830. Aufgeführt in London und Berlin*—"Symphony for the ceremonial of the Reformation Festival, 1830. Performed in London and Berlin." In the latter part of this statement there would appear to be an inaccuracy; at least the writer has not succeeded in finding any trace of a performance in London. That it was composed with a view to the Reformation Festival there need be no doubt. It is proved by Herr Rietz's statement, by the allusion in a letter of the composer himself quoted below, and by the use of the Lutheran Choral in the concluding movements. Whether the work was a "commission" or not, it was completed more than a month before the date for which it was intended, and before Mendelssohn started on the journey to Italy, which forms the subject of the delightful first volume of his Letters. On May 15th, 1830, just after his arrival at Goethe's house at Weimar, he writes to his sister Fanny: "I will soon send you my Symphony. I am having it copied here, and will forward it to Leipzig—where it may perhaps be performed—with strict injunctions to them to give it into your hands as quickly as possible. Find out what will be the best name for it:—'Reformation Symphony,' 'Confession Symphony,' 'Symphony for a Church Festival,' 'Juvenile Symphony,' or anything you like. The MS. was doubtless duly despatched, but no performance took place. The revolutionary troubles had broken out in Germany, conflicts had taken place between Protestants and Catholics, and Mendelssohn preferred to postpone his work till its success should be endangered by no polemical or political difference. The accounts of the proceedings of the 25th June, 1830, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and other papers of the day, show that they were almost entirely restricted to Church services and to mere official acts. No mention is made of any musical performance on the occasion. But when Mendelssohn arrived in Paris in the early part of 1832, an opportunity seemed to offer for the production of his Symphony, and we find it constantly mentioned in his letters. He had the score with him, and fully intended to have it published "if he could get any publisher to print it and pay for it" (January 21, 1832). A few lines further on, in the same letter, he announces that it is to be performed at the third concert of the Conservatoire, and that "seven or eight rehearsals were talked of; which would be very welcome." On the 13th February he is again "looking forward to the D minor Symphony, which they are to take up next week;" "and which," says he, "I never dreamed that I should hear for the first time in Paris." The Symphony was not executed at the third concert, one by Onslow having taken its place; but a week or two later we find it again referred to as in rehearsal—that the band had insisted on repeating the slow movement, and that Habeneck (the conductor) had "made then a little speech, pointing out that there was one solo bar at the end which they must just be kind enough to wait for." He is anticipating his journey to London on the 8th of March, but still the prominent thought is that "he should hear his Symphony in the Conservatoire." This pleasure, however, he was doomed not to enjoy. The performance never arrived—the cholera came instead, and Mendelssohn was taken ill and had to keep the house, and Paris was emptied, and he came to London without having enjoyed the triumph of bringing his work before the public.

At length, however, Mendelssohn reached home after his long absence, and then the occasion which had so often approached and as often retreated actually arrived. This occasion was a series of concerts which he gave in Berlin, in November, 1832, for the benefit of the Orchestral Widow's Fund. At the first of these, three of his compositions were played, all apparently new to the Berlin audience; one was the *Reformation Symphony*, the others were the G minor Piano-forte Concerto, and the Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This, then, was the first and apparently the only time that the Symphony has been performed in public. Why a work so perfect in form and so dearly esteemed by its composer should have been laid on the shelf, it is hard to conjecture. Shortly after this Meyerbeer composed *The Huguenots*, in which a prominent feature is made of Luther's chorale, "Ein feste Burg," which forms the subject of the last movement of Mendelssohn's Symphony. Nothing was so likely to arouse Mendelssohn's fastidiousness as this, and it is said that one main reason of his suppressing the Symphony was his dislike to appear in competition with Meyerbeer. Another reason, equally strong, was probably his feeling that the work had been composed for a particular occasion and with particular feelings. These had passed, and he was every day growing and soaring; he would put by the work till an opportunity occurred of

modifying or recasting some portions, and suiting them to his more advanced taste and intellect. We know that this was the case with the *Italian Symphony*, and that he delayed the publication of that charming work because to his keen and fastidious taste, some polish and some development were still wanting in the last movement. Honour to the man who thus respects his fame!

"He gave the people of his best,
His worst he kept, his best he gave."

To him may well be applied the words of the Poet Laureate on the Prince Consort—

" We have lost him, he is gone;
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved;
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise;
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly."

As long as such a man lives, he is, of course, the sole arbiter of the fate of his works. But when he is removed from the world, and takes his seat among the immortals, the case is surely changed. It becomes then a duty to discover, to cherish, and to study everything that he has left behind him. Every step in the ascent leading to that pinnacle of fame, from which he took his final upward flight, has its special interest and its peculiar lesson. The letters which a distinguished man leaves behind him may contain personal allusions or judgments which may make it desirable either entirely to suppress them, or at least to delay their publication. But such considerations cannot apply to artistic works. With them, the only danger possible is to the reputation of the artist, and in Mendelssohn's case this need not be feared. The publication of his earlier or immature compositions, especially if accompanied by dates, and, where possible, by such information as to the causes of their suppression, as many of his friends could furnish, would never detract from his fame. It would rather assist his humbler brethren to comprehend the secrets of that delicate fancy, that perfect knowledge, that unwearied labour, that consummate tact, and that exquisite taste which have enriched the world with the *Hebrides Overture*, the *Scotch Symphony*, the C minor Trio, and the *Oratorio of Elijah*.

The score from which the Symphony is played to-day, contains the latest corrections and compressions of its author, which are dated 1832, and were made doubtless with the view to the intended performance in Paris. For this score the Company is indebted to Messrs. Novello & Co., whose property it is.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born on the 3rd February, 1809, and died on the 4th November, 1847, at the age of 38. When he thus laid down

The laurel greener than the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base,

he had published seventy-two works of all descriptions. But he left behind him a still larger number in manuscript. Some of these have been published since and are among the most delightful and favourite of his compositions. The music to *Athalie*, *Edipus*, the *Lauda Sion*, the *finale to Loreley*, the *Son and Stranger*, the *Italian Symphony*, the F minor quartet, the B flat quintet, and the overture to *Ruy Blas*, are all among the compositions which for some cause or other he had refused to make public. The last treasures that have been brought forth from this storehouse are the Trumpet Overture, the *Reformation Symphony*, and the eighth book of "Songs without Words."

There remains, however, a mass of compositions of all descriptions and all dimensions, among which there must be much to interest all true lovers of music. The list of Herr Rietz, already mentioned, enumerates them in greater or less detail. There are 22 pieces of Sacred Music—Cantatas, Psalms, Motets, Te Deums, and the like, composed for the Academy or the Cathedral Choir at Berlin; 3 Secular Cantatas; 5 Operas and Operettas; a Symphony and several Marches for full orchestra; more than a dozen pieces for stringed orchestra only, including a Concerto for the Violin; a large number of compositions for the Piano, with and without accompaniment, including Concertos for one and two Pianos, a grand Sextet for Piano and Strings, a Sonata for Piano and Violin, and a Sonata for Piano Solo.

LA MUSIQUE AUX PAYS-BAS.—We read in the leading French and Belgian papers the following article:—

"The first volume of *Musique aux Pays-Bas, avant le XIX^e Siècle*, by Mr. Vanderstraeten, so long impatiently looked for, has now appeared in Muquardt's European Library in Brussels, Belgium. This work comprises all in the shape of composers, virtuosos, theorists, instrument makers, operas, anthems, national songs, academies, precentors' books, portraits, etc., and all which constitutes the history of "Musique aux Pays-Bas" appears therein in a new light, due to a series of unedited documents found in the archives, and also in the immediate general archives of the kingdom. This work is rendered curious and interesting by virtue of its contents, and is enriched by twelve plates and photolithographs, and contains an excellent alphabetical table of the names of places, persons, and instruments. It has already its allotted place in our amateurs' libraries.

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"Beauteous Cradle"} Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... Schumann.

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"Reflect as"} Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... Mendelssohn.

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BIRTH.

On the 3rd inst., at 64, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, the wife of
J. W. WELSH, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 11th instant, at St. Pancras Church, by the Rev. A. Currie,
EDWARD, youngest son of George Hogarth, Esq., of 10, Gloucester
Crescent, Regent's Park, to MATILDA, younger daughter of James
Howell, Esq., of 15, Mornington Crescent. No cards.

DEATH.

On the 5th inst., at Madrid, from paralysis of the heart, Madame
Constance Nantier-Didier, formerly of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent
Garden.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE HISTORY OF ORATORIO By EMIL NAUMANN.*

(Continued from page 811.)

THE results upon Oratorio of the various antagonistic influences
now at work, influences springing on the one hand from the espe-
cially epico-lyrical Mystery developed in Germany, and, on the other

* Von dem erlöseten Jerusalem durch den theuern Fürsten Gottfried,
Hertzen von Bouillon.

from the musical drama invented by the Italians, are first recognized
in the cropping-up of an androgynous class of production, which can-
not be designated either Opera or Oratorio, but which so powerfully
affected the development of the latter, that we must on no account ignore
it. Such effusions we find in the German *Singspiele*, as well as in cer-
tain school-comedies of the first half of the 17th century. We will
mention among them: *The spiritual Sylvan Poem or Comedy*,
called "Seelewig," set vocally in the ITALIAN fashion by Johann
Gottlieb Staden. Nuremberg, printed and published by Wolfgang
Endlern in the year 1644.* The parts of three Nymphs and Shep-
herdesses are given to the treble, those of a Matron and several
Shepherds to the alto and tenor, and that of a Satyr or "Wood-
Devil" to the bass. The whole is accompanied by fiddles, flutes,
shalms, a horn, and a theorb. Not less remarkable is the Coburg
comedy of *Jerusalem delivered by the dear Prince, Gottfried, Duke
of Bouillon*,† the music of which is due to Melchior Frank—born
about 1570 in Silesia, died about 1639—as we know, one of the
most prominent masters of Evangelical Church-music. The comedy
already bears the characteristic name of *Actus Oratorius*, which,
however, as we shall see, was undoubtedly borrowed from Italy.

Much more purely and significantly affected in such labours than
his German contemporaries by influences emanating from Italy,
was Master Schütz. During the considerable period he resided in
Venice and other parts of Italy, as pupil of the head of the Vene-
tian school, the great Giovanni Gabrieli, he had adopted different
and far purer notions both of Opera and Oratorio. While, on the
one hand, he learned, on the spot, all about the commencement
and effect of the former, from such men as Cavalieri (born 1550),
Peri (born 1560), Monteverde (born 1560), and Carissimi (born
1582), profiting so much by what he learned that we owe him
the first German opera;‡ on the other, coming as he did from
Northern Germany, where people had accustomed themselves to
seek a very deep significance in Oratorio, he brought to his task a
degree of earnestness, and a moral elevation of sentiment, which,
combined with Gabrieli's highly developed theories, could not fail
to produce something imperishable.

It cannot, however, be denied that as regards epic construction
and form even for Oratorio he still found much to learn in Italy.
In that country Oratorio had a very different beginning to what
it had in Germany. While, in Germany, we had to seek its roots
in the Mysteries, in Italy we find its existence due to the very
same impulses, springing from classical Antiquity, which gave
birth to opera.

Göthe's "humoristic" Saint, treated by Göthe with such
fondness in the description of his Italian travels, the worthy
Philippus Neri—born in 1515 at Florence; died in 1580 at Rome
—gave most strangely the name to this whole class of works.
Neri erected, in the year 1558, near the church of San Girolamo
della Carità, a hall for prayer or oratory, where he collected his
followers for their spiritual edification. In order to elevate them
by the aid of music, he secured the services of Johannes Animuccia,
singing-master of St. Peter's in the Vatican, under whose direc-
tion the choral singing was cultivated. By the year 1575, the
circle of Neri's followers had extended so considerably that, by a
bull dated the 15th July, Pope Gregory XIII. gave his sanction to
the institution as: "Association of the Prayer-Hall," "*Congrega-
zione dell' Oratorio*." From that time forward, the musical works

* Das geistlich Waldgedicht, oder Freudenpiel, genannt "Seelewig,"
gesungen auf "Italienisch" Art gesetzt durch Johann Gottlieb Staden,
Nürnberg, gedruckt und verlegt bei Wolfgang Endlern im Jahre 1644.

† This piece was performed on the 14th June, 1630, in the College at
Coburg, to celebrate the birthday of Johann Casimir, Duke of Saxe-Jülich-
Cleve-Berg.

‡ Rinuccini's *Dafne*, translated into German, and set to music by Schütz.
It was produced at Dresden in the year 1627.

performed there, and most of which, as we know, were founded on legendary subjects and words, were called off-hand, "Pieces from the Prayer-Hall," and, at last, still more laconically, "Oratorios."—Animuccia is certainly the first master who cultivated this branch of the art; he was followed, though not at first in the fully marked oratorical style, by Palestrina (especially in his pieces treating of the Passion for Passion Week), Giovanni Maria Nanino, Felice Anerio, Luca Marenzio, etc. In the works of Carissimi, 1582-1673, we already find Oratorio properly so called, the titles, such as *Jephtha*, *the Judgment of Solomon*, being important, inasmuch as they mark its emancipation in the choice of its subject which had before been restricted, almost exclusively, to the Passion. Domenico Mazzochi, born about 1590, even added an organ accompaniment. Both these masters were contemporaries of Schütz, who long outlived them. It is, therefore, more than probable that the free treatment of recitative in their oratorical works exercised a great influence on the *Passion Oratorios* composed by Schütz in 1666, when he had attained a very advanced age, though, in power and depth of expression, the German master left his Italian models far behind.

(To be continued.)

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The second and third of these admirable entertainments have been given at St. James's Hall, and in point of success were improvements on the first concert. We shall notice both at length next week. The disturbance created on Wednesday last in the hall by the cry of "fire," and which caused for a while great alarm, is thus noticed by a contemporary:—

"During the ballad concert in St. James's Hall, last evening (Wednesday), an event occurred, which at one time appeared likely to lead to serious consequences. The first part of the programme had been gone through, and Miss Edith Wynne had begun singing the ballad "Should he upbraid," when a strong smell of fire pervaded the building. The audience showed evident signs of uneasiness, and in a few minutes after a quantity of smoke entering the hall those present rose *en masse*, and a great number at once made their way to the doors. A most excited scene now occurred. A number of gentlemen mounted the benches and earnestly appealed to the other members of the audience not to endanger the lives of themselves and their fellow beings by crowding the staircases. Mr. Boosey came forward, and when the noise was in some degree diminished, anxiously solicited all present to keep their places, explaining that there was no danger whatever, the fire being at a box maker's in Vine Street, at the rear of the premises, and at least three or four doors removed from the hall. A window at the back of the building had been left open, and the volumes of smoke issuing from the burning box maker's had penetrated the hall and caused the alarm. The quantity of smoke which entered the large concert-room was at one time so great that the artists could only sing with considerable difficulty. The explanation and assurance of safety given by Mr. Boosey, together with the expostulations of many among the audience, produced a good effect, but the majority of persons in the stalls, and many in the balconies, quitted the building. The stalls, in fact, were comparatively empty, several ladies having gone out, leaving in their haste their shawls, &c., behind them. Mr. Boosey then led forward Madame Liebhart, who, with great presence of mind, sung the appropriate song, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" which tended considerably to re-assure those present. The concert was then proceeded with, several songs by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, and Madame Liebhart being re-demanded. We must not omit to mention that in the midst of the excitement a lady in one of the front rows of stalls mounted her seat, and, in the most impassioned manner, besought, or rather commanded, those of her sex around her to remain seated and retain their self-possession. Her emphatic manner and Amazon-like appearance had no little effect on those around her.

MISS POYNZ.—We understand that this young vocalist (who has lately sung so successfully at the Crystal Palace, at Mr. Boosey's Ballad Concerts in St. James's Hall, and at Mr. Hallé's Concerts at Manchester) received her musical education in the London Academy of Music, under the direction of Professor Wylda. Miss Poyntz studied singing under Sig. Schira.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Observer," Dec. 8.)

Last Monday's concert was chiefly signalized by the eighth book of *Lieder ohne Worte*, which had created so much enthusiasm at the Crystal Palace Concert of the previous Saturday. They were played for the first time in public, it will be remembered, by Madame Arabella Goddard at the Popular Concert of Monday fortnight, and we then in brief terms alluded to the enthusiasm which their performance excited. They unquestionably, like all Mendelssohn's productions, grow on nearer acquaintance, and they were certainly more keenly appreciated last Monday by the critical audience that once a week congregate in St. James's Hall than on the occasion of their original public performance. While the two slow movements in C and D enlisted all the sympathies of many hearers, the *allegro* in A and the *tarantella* in C gave most general satisfaction, for these were re-demanded with a persistence which could not be denied. It is needless to say with what absolute command of her unparagoned powers Madame Arabella Goddard brought out every beauty of the composition, and realized every intention of the composer. In the Sonata in B flat of the same master, the first of living pianists was joined by the first of living violoncellists, Signor Piatti, and the impression produced by this grand composition, thus performed, was so deep that all present marvelled at its infrequent repetition. The fact seems to be that the director has an *embarras des richesses*, and is often in the midst of his wealth puzzled in which direction to reach his hand to seek provisions for his immediate wants. The concert opened with Mozart's Quartet in F, as noble a work as any that fell from his pen, and finely played by MM. Sinton, Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti, while it was closed by Haydn's popular Trio in G major. The vocalist was Miss Cecilia Westbrook, who sang admirably both Schubert's "Ave Maria" and Mendelssohn's "Maiden's Lament," one of the numerous compositions which are now being so rapidly disinterred, and probably the only one which is thoroughly Schubert-ish in feeling and character.

NEW STANDARD THEATRE.—The New Standard will open on Wednesday evening next, Dec. 18th, with *La Sonnambula*, in which Miss Rose Hersee will play Amina. There will be a concert in which Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Sherrington, and others will appear. Miss Glyn, the popular actress, is to recite the opening address. The Prince of Wales has stated his intention of being present. The theatre is a beautiful one and contains ninety-two private boxes. Miss Rose Hersee sings in the *Sonnambula* on the 18th and 19th with Mr. George Perren. Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Wilford Morgan will sing in *The Bohemian Girl* on the 20th and 21st.—Communicated.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON is engaged to sing the soprano music of the *Messiah*, December 27th, at Bristol; 30th, Harmonic Union, Canterbury; January 1st, Glasgow Choral Union (morning and evening concerts); 3rd, Lynn Philharmonic Society.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI, the well known composer-pianist, is about to give three Pianoforte Recitals at the Hanover Square Rooms, commencing next month. They will be found interesting to all lovers of the modern pianoforte school.

MR. W. F. STIRLING has been appointed, by the Benchers of the Temple, as a bass singer in the Temple Church.

MR. OTTO BOOTH gave an evening concert at the Westbourne Hall on Wednesday the 5th, which was well attended. The concert-giver's playing on the violin and that of his brother, Mr. Ferdinand Booth, on the violoncello were greatly admired. Both gentlemen were recalled after their solos. Herr Lehmeier assisted them on the pianoforte in a trio, and also played two short compositions, by Mr. Otto Booth, of considerable merit—"L'Absence" and "Le Retour." The singers were Mdle. Liebhart, Madame Sauerbrey, and Mr. Alfred Hemming. Mdle. Liebhart was encored in Mr. G. B. Allen's "Little Bird, so sweetly singing," and in Signor Traventi's ballad, "If thou wilt remember." For the former she gave the old ballad, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" and for the latter "Jenny of the Mill." Madame Sauerbrey gained much applause for her delivery of "In questo semplece" and Herr Liebhart's song, "Lullaby." Mr. Hemming was encored in "The Death of Nelson," when he substituted "Alice, where art thou?" He also sang a MS. song by Mr. Otto Booth, called "The Love-star," and joined Madame Sauerbrey in a duet. Mr. G. B. Allen and Herr Lehmeier were conductors.

NEWS FROM MALVERN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A gentleman who spends much of his time in Malvern, being fond of the many beauties in nature which surround this favourite spot, its invigorating air, and the extensive landscape which meets the beholder wherever he wends his way, also its seclusion from the noise and tumult of large towns, where he can devote much of his time to his fond instrument, the concertina, and never more pleased than when he can listen to the variety of harmonies Regondi brings from this popular instrument, and Herr Joachim, the great Hungarian violinist, from his instrument—being closely attached to all that is classical in music, the beauties of Beethoven and Mendelssohn afford him continual pleasure and a peculiar charm, oftentimes expressing how these great authors' works are brought to perfection by the united talent at the celebrated Monday Popular Concerts, by the celebrated artists which adorn St. James's Hall.

This gentleman out of his kind heart gave at his own expense one of the greatest treats in the way of billiards ever given in Malvern. Having engaged Roberts, the Leviathan and world-famed and renowned billiard player, also Hughes, who is second only to Charles Roberts, to play a match, giving a great pleasure to his many friends whom he invited. The match took place on Wednesday night at Mr. Browning's, proprietor of the well-known Belle Vue Hotel, some 200 gentlemen being present. The game commenced at eight in the evening, finishing about two in the morning. It was £1000 up—Roberts giving his opponent 350 points.

The magnificent performances of Roberts was never seen to greater perfection. Also Hughes' strokes were as finished and classical as could be observed, both appearing to be master of their science, and all gentlemen present were unanimous in regard of the playing, it was perfection. Hughes was much behind at one time; meeting with success, he came in a triumphant conqueror over the great Roberts, winning by some twenty-eight points. Being a very unassuming man, all seemed pleased, and the cheers and hurrahs he received were tremendous. It was a brilliant refreshment, that we may not have again for some time in Malvern. A cold collation was given after the first 500 was played, plenty of everything to supply the inner man, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt doing all in their power to the comforts of their patrons, the gentlemen of Malvern. Grateful for such a treat, Mr. Brown of the band, thanked the gallant Captain for his great kindness, expressing how they were indebted to him for the talent they had witnessed. This good gentleman has done much in Malvern. His large and kind heart has endeared him to many, and few gentlemen are more beloved for their many praiseworthy acts of charity, kind demeanour, and genuine character as a friend and gentleman in the highest sense. Long may he survive!

Seldom has Malvern been visited with such a musical treat as was given on Thursday se'night, 28th of November. We have here very few classical concerts, a visit now and then from Christy's, and our own Penny Readings, which are at times enjoyable—occasionally of a dismal character. Happily they are now progressing. Last Monday was a good night, an attractable programme and some of our best local ability bringing the largest audience we have had this season. The commencement was of a doubtful character—unless great efforts are continued they will lose the deserved popularity they have so meritoriously gained for the last two years. The praiseworthy committee do all they can, and I am sure few labour with a more indomitable zeal and hearty will for their future progress than Mr. J. Jones, their courteous secretary. Glees would be a great feature in their schemes. We have no such treasures in Malvern. Many attempts have been essayed to form a glee union; all have signally failed; more unanimity is desired. What with carping and petty jealousies, the last exertions came to grief. In most towns these little animosities prevail, and graceful Malvern is not exempt. There are a few musical friends now engaged in forming a society; in such hands I hope a good fruition of their efforts. Messrs. Rogers, Klitz, Powell, and Dalley, names esteemed by a Malvern audience, met twice for perfecting themselves in part-songs. Unitedly they

mean work. With such an accomplished pianist and musician as Mr. Rogers at the helm to drill them, certainly, with perseverance, must be the result. We have so much song-singing now-a-days that it has become monotonous. Voices blended together in harmonies will be an acceptable change long desired, as it is a labour of love, for the art only. May success crown their efforts. To resume our subject, never has Malvern had a richer feast of classical music than was given on Thursday se'night by the talented Brousil Family. Some five years back Mons. Sainton astounded the residents of this town by his great triumphs over the difficulties of the violin. The great French violinist is always a luxury of the highest kind, and nowhere is he more beloved for his great talents than in Worcestershire. The faithful city recognizes him as an old familiar friend and a mighty genius. Since he played at Malvern have our ears been sweetened by music by the Brousil Family. I must not be invidious on either; where all is done so well, it would be unfair. But I must accord to Bertha Brousil all praise for her distinguished abilities; the lovely emotions she throws into her instrument is absolutely electrifying. The facility of her execution and the ease with which she surmounts all difficulties, made an indelible impression on all who know what music is. Her broad tone, *arpeggios*, double stopping, make her one of the best interpreters of the instrument we have, and her sweet simplicity must endear all who hear her. For beauty of tone and great pathos I never heard her surpassed. May her health long be spared to impart such pleasure to her hearers.

Mons. Adolph Brousil on the concertina was perfection.

The ineffable treat of the evening was the Quartet in D major (Mendelssohn). It has rarely been my lot to listen to any composition more divine. In the great name of Mendelssohn there is a "tower of strength." The faultless and irreproachable manner in which it was delivered by these eminent artists, how they all seem to imbibe the musical feeling of the great author, and the delightful way in which Bertha gave some of the leading gems was astounding; in fact, more accurate rendering could not be. A hearty encore awaited them, and they gave the Austrian Hymn in the same elaborate and finished style.

It was a homely sight to see one happy family sit down and convey to the audience in so exquisite a way, the composition of one of the finest writers that ever adorned the musical profession of any country. We regret there was not a large audience, as in most cases music of a trashy nature many avail themselves of; sound provision is confined to a few who know how to appreciate what is correct. The room also was cold—a November frosty night—and no fire in the room made it look cheerless, many leaving and complaining of the absence of the room being heated, which would have made it more agreeable, also adding comfort to many present. I am sure more would have attended, had more notice been given, half the town being ignorant of the concert. I sincerely trust they will pay us another visit, for wherever they go their great talents can never fail to please. T. L.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS.—Mr. Brinley Richards gave a Pianoforte Recital on Tuesday evening, before a select and crowded audience. An excellent programme was provided. It was divided into two parts—one comprising his own compositions and arrangements; the other, works by some of the great composers for the pianoforte. Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," Weber's Grand Polonaise (Op. 50), two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*, Henselt's "Repose d'Amour" and "Si oiseau j'étais," S. Bennett's "Genevieve," two of Chopin's mazurkas (Nos. 2 and 5), Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Day Dreams," and Handel's *Capriccio*, and the "Harmonious Blacksmith." Mr. Richards' success was decided throughout, and a large variety of styles could not easily be introduced in so short a programme; nor was the interest of the performance less remarkable than its variety. Mr. Brinley Richards showed that the pianoforte, unaided by other instruments, was fully capable of enchanting the attention of a large audience. His best effect was in Weber's *Polonaise*, Mr. Sullivan's *Andante*, and Handel's *Capriccio*, all of which were liberally applauded. The *Caprice* of Handel deserves a second hearing. The selections from Mr. Brinley Richards' Pianoforte Works were a new *Caractère à la valse*, "The Nymphs of the Fountain" (encored), "Première Tarantella" (Op. 74), "Vive la Reine" (*galop de concert*), with some of his popular pianoforte pieces, including a selection from his Octave Studies, Welsh airs, &c. The whole performance passed off with the greatest éclat.—B. B.

REVIEWS.

Letters of Distinguished Musicians. Translated by LADY WALLACE. [London: Longmans, Green, & Co.]

(Fifth Notice.)

From the time when Weber announced to his "beloved brother," Gansbacher, the passion he entertained for Caroline Brand, down to the time of his leaving Prague, his letters bear evident marks of despondency. He was by no means happy in his love, for the lady seems to have returned his affection in a fitful manner, while he cherished a prudent regard to future prospects, which was by no means satisfactory to her. "I am quite well," he writes, "and have a great deal of work, and strive to keep my mind at peace, which is, however, impossible when one loves, and the demon of doubt extends its fangs in all directions. Oh! that I only had you here, to confide every thing to the heart of a friend." A little later he says, "You know that there are times in life when a dark veil seems to overspread everything, and the soul becomes so painfully oppressed that it is impossible to give tolerance to your feelings. Ah! if you only could have been near me, how would my heart have been soothed! I have become very gloomy and reserved. The first and only being I ever loved has torn herself from me. She has not the courage to love me irrespective of all else, and I have not the courage to make her and myself miserable, after the first few weeks, by marriage without a secure income. I am, therefore, once more alone, my heart full of love, and shall now cast myself unreservedly into the arms of art, for which I mean exclusively to live, and thus, as a man, renounce all the happiness of life. Here you have a brief picture of my condition." That condition was bad enough, doubtless, and was made none the better by attendant circumstances. Still addressing Gansbacher, he observes, "I certainly have many enemies here, the Devil alone can tell why. I only wish to do what is right, and stand in the way of no man, but still, I am no sycophant, nor the obsequious servant of any one. The miserable criticisms on the part of the nobility that I heard through M. are incredible, and all this kind of thing embitters my life." What wonder that he makes up his mind to get away from Prague at the first opportunity. But this resolve only brought about fresh trouble with his wayward lady-love. "For some days past," writes the poor artist, "I have been so harassed, especially by Lina, that I feel quite ill and exhausted. She seems always to have clung to the secret hope that I would remain here, although I believed that she was as fully convinced as myself of the necessity for my departure. Now, I discover, to my exceeding vexation, that her views of high art do not rise beyond the commonplace pitiful conception that esteems art merely as the means of procuring soup, roast meat, and shirts. But it cannot be helped." A little later he gives "Lina" a better character, though the implication of the terms used is not highly flattering to that young lady. It is certainly strange to find a lover writing thus about his future spouse: "Lina conducts herself very well, and shows the utmost desire to improve. If Providence should bestow on me a permanent situation to ensure me a livelihood, and if Lina, about a twelvemonth hence, is as reasonable as now, she will then leave the theatre and become my faithful wife. You shake your head; but a year is a long time, and she who abides that test must certainly be a good woman." Six months out of the trial twelve elapsed, during which time we may suppose the poor anxious man narrowly watched his dear one's behaviour. The result is thus expressed:—"I cannot as yet say anything certain about the latter (Lina); for a long time she seems all that is good and excellent, and then all of a sudden the old demons of passion and jealousy come to life again with their temptations. I am really in a very unsettled state. God and time alone can help or decide the affair." A month later Weber, with Lina and her mother, removed to Berlin, where a new era began for them both. The young lady behaved so well that the lovers were formally betrothed and a little sunshine breaks in upon the nearly uniform gloom. There was an oyster feast on the occasion of the ceremony, and it was generally understood by the guests thereat that if Lina behaved well another year, and Weber got a tolerably good appointment they were to be joined together for better or worse. Long before that year ran out the expectant bridegroom was made Royal Saxon Capellmeister and Director of the German Opera; an event which, naturally enough, put him in good spirits. He talks to Gansbacher about being married in the autumn, and of an allowance to the future mother-in-law, on condition that she goes elsewhere to live—another proof of careful forethought. To the musician, however, there is more interest in the following short sentence than in all the rest. "I mean soon," says the Capellmeister and Director, "to set to work at a new opera which the well-known poet, Friedrich Kind, has written for me, the *Jägerbraut* (*Der Freyschütz*), a very romantic, mysterious, and beautiful work." Everybody knows that from that "meaning" sprang a "romantic, mysterious, and beautiful" opera, which will endure till the "crack of doom." In July, 1817, with his health affected by

"incessant work and worry" (and still more by his nervous temperament), he writes to say that he intends to marry Caroline in September, but it was not till November that he kept his wedding, "in the quietest way at the Jung's, but in all cheerfulness and happiness." The very same evening—prudent man—he took his mother-in-law to Mannheim, and there left her "well and happy." It is consolatory to find that after such a troubled courtship the married life began smoothly. "I must not delay telling you," remarks the newly-made husband, "what, indeed, I ought to have said at the beginning of my letter, which is, how happy and cheerful I am in my domestic relations, and how much my beloved Lina embellishes my life, and assists me to bear its burdens. . . . We are both pictures of health and contentment. God be praised for this." Henceforth the master writes in a more contented mood, even when referring to the "teasing cough" which was the beginning of the end. He duly announces the birth of his children, and the scheme which occupied his thoughts in connection with the beloved art; takes an affectionate interest in the doings of his friend, and generally shows himself to have a great, true soul. For all this we must refer the reader to the volume itself, only regretting that the editing of one of the most delightful series of letters we ever met with did not fall into the hands of a careful and conscientious editor instead of a mere bookmaker. The former could have increased its interest and value tenfold.

The Young Vocalist. Edited by Mrs. BARTHOLOMEW. [London: Griffith and Farran.]

THIS charming little book is described as "Twelve Songs for those who are too young to sing operatic music, or too old for those founded upon nursery tales, selected from Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Weber, &c." There is no need to prove that Mrs. Bartholomew has discovered a real want, for so much must be obvious to any one interested in the training of children. That she has satisfied it most admirably we have pleasure in testifying. The verses adapted to the music are, without exception, beautiful, while the music itself has been selected and arranged with the best possible taste and skill. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Bartholomew has done a good work for the little ones, and no prettier Christmas present could be given to a music-loving child than her attractive *Young Vocalist*.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of Pianoforte and Vocal Music. Edited by LINDSAY SLOPER. [London: Ashdown and Parry.]

THERE is here no sign of a falling away from the excellence of the opening number. Of the four pieces the first is a *nocturno* by E. Silas, of considerable pretensions and very considerable merit. It consists of several movements and opens with an *adagio* having a broadly phrased and distinctive melody simply accompanied. To this succeeds an *agitato*, which is a really interesting "Song without Words," cleverly constructed. The *adagio* is then repeated, followed by a smoothly written movement which introduces it once more, this time with an elaborate accompaniment; a brief *coda*, in which the bass suggests the theme of the often heard slow movement, then brings the work to a close. Mr. Silas has certainly produced a composition worthy of notice and study. The second pianoforte piece is an *allegretto*, called "The Gipsies' Revel," by Wilhelm Kuhe. It is light, tuneful, and not very difficult, qualities which will recommend it to a host of subscribers. The songs are "Change upon Change," by Miss Virginia Gabriel, and "Though Age be like December," by M. W. Balfie. The composer of the former has, so far as we know, done nothing better. Her song is admirably expressive and written with great care. Mr. Balfie's composition is just what might be expected from him—tuneful, well suited to the words, and skillfully accompanied. The words themselves—written by Mr. Campbell Clarke—are of special excellence. After these remarks it is almost superfluous to say that *Hanover Square* so far entirely sustains the promise of its first number.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent.)—The first concert of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society, of which a brief notice appeared last week, came off most successfully on the 4th inst., when Mr. Benedict's charming cantata, *A Legend of St. Cecilia*, was performed, under the leadership of its eminent composer, with a full band, and the large chorus of the society numbering 200 performers. Miss Helen Walker admirably rendered the solo part, representing the Saint, while Miss Palmer (from whom a unanimous encore was demanded, in the only contralto solo in the work), Mr. Topham (of Dublin) and Mr. Brandon efficiently performed their respective parts. At the conclusion of the performance, Mr. Benedict was enthusiastically recalled by the audience to receive their congratulations. The second part of the concert included Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, &c. The enterprising spirit of the Madrigal Society in bringing forward such works, hitherto unattempted in Leeds, deserves to be cordially supported.

AIX-*LA-CHAPELLE*.—Sophie Pflughaut, the pianist, died on the 10th November.

ALBERT LORTZING.*

(Continued from page 55.)

I had scarcely returned from my leave of absence, when I was obliged to go on business for a few days to Berlin. My good, kind-hearted old friend I found again, but not my old merry companion. What a difference—even in his external appearance! "The tincture for beautifying the hair," for which he had asked his wife only a few months before, could not have been often used, for his dark locks were full of dust. In vain did I yearn for the old exhilarating and hearty laugh; he stole about careworn and melancholy, and had always some cause for lamentation. A heavy load appeared to have been removed from his breast when he handed me the receipt for the money which he had been paid by the Ducal Theatre at Mannheim for the opera of *Undine*, and which, at his desire, had been paid in advance. "My dear Brother," he said, "that came in the nick of time, I can tell you. I had no money, and do not know where I shall get any more. The music publishers here will not make any advances (because, unfortunately, the principle of trade must be maintained), and when I take them a book of songs, they put on one side those which do not please them, and pay me *pro rata* for the rest. I swallow it, I am compelled to swallow it, because I need a few thalers, and do not know where to get them." Too gentlemanly, and too proud to make confidants of his more prosperous acquaintances, he allowed himself to be almost crushed by his anxiety about money matters; he did not want anyone to give him money, he wanted to earn it, because he felt convinced that he deserved more than he obtained. Endowed with all an artist's self-respect, he proved himself a noble-minded man, even in his deepest distress. His forgiving disposition would not permit him to be more than bitter against those who offended him; he was never hostile to them. Ill-nature was as foreign to his disposition as selfishness. To use a common expression, he was not a practical man, for he always disdained to praise himself, or derive advantage from favourable circumstances, or from any position he might temporarily occupy. I could not help laughing out loud, when a fair Viennese singer once said to me: "Lortzing has the reputation of being open to bribery; if you want to carry out any thing, you must grease his palm pretty liberally." People are ever ready to impute blame to others, and I am convinced, from my knowledge of Lortzing, that it was some joke of his which gave rise to the above report. There is no doubt that he himself said something relating to the subject, and, unfortunately, humour is not understood by everybody. How often do we experience in life the truth of this depressing fact. In the few hours we spent together again, he poured his heart out to me; and, in order to account for his then melancholy mood, related the various vexations with which he had to put up. It was only the remembrance of happier days that could revive in his breast aught like humour or hope—the two great characteristics of his nature. With a very heavy heart did I take leave of him, his good, careworn wife, and his dear children, among whom was Hans, then six years old, the oft-mentioned Bubi, his father's pet. Immediately after my return to Mannheim *Undine* was performed for the first time, and my account of its favourable reception, of the satisfactory way in which it was placed on the stage, &c., excited, perhaps, the last pleasurable feeling he ever experienced as an artist; he was especially delighted at not having been mistaken about the effect of the *finale*, which proved really perfect.

His belief in the establishment of comic opera in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt became weaker and weaker every day, and, at last, disappeared entirely, when the manager not only did not even go as far as to engage the artists most necessary to the project, but actually declared, without more ado, that his stage was not adapted for opera, which merely cost money and brought none in return, and expressed his intention of reducing still more, from motives of economy, the orchestra, already most incomplete. He said, for instance, that oboes and bassoons were altogether superfluous in his band; that they had never been known in the old theatre, and yet he had managed to get along without them. He added more in the same strain. In September, 1850, Lortzing wrote to me:—

"They are building a winter theatre at Kroll's establishment, and Herr B——, the manager, will give opera there the whole winter, in

* Having recovered from a long and sincere illness, I resume the translation of "Albert Lortzing." It will, most probably, be concluded in one more number of the *Musical World*.—J. V. B.

connection with Potsdam; so at our place there will be * * * but no opera. Theatrical life disgusts you, does it? Remarkable! I could begin again no later than to-morrow morning. Au! Au! Au! Yes, dear Brother! I wish I had only a miserable quarter of the first prize in the lottery for a bathing-tub, in order to be able to wash off in it all this theatrical muck—a fine simile—quite Shaksperian—let us hope for what the autumn may bring forth; the great prize will then be drawn at Leipsic, for if we took all the pains in the world not to hope about it, we should hope all the same! Very fine again, but more in Kant's style. I must now shave and go to business. I am precious unfortunate; my chorus-master is ill, and so is my leader; consequently I must do everything myself. *Braggadocio!* Some fine day people will say of me, as of Toggenburg: 'A year has he now borne it, but will not bear it more.' So, my dear Brother, embrace all yours for me. Farewell. There is something else I have to say: Do me one favour; do not forget your friend,

"ALBERT LORTZING."

From no quarter did he receive the slightest comfort or encouragement. His last little works, such as Stotz's vaudeville, *Eine Berliner Grisetle*, his latest and most charming operetta, *Die Opernprobe*, shared the fate of his later grand operas; they did not find their way into the German repertory. The overture which he composed for the opening of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre, and which was enthusiastically received by the public. And with the praises of which all the papers were full, was performed again only once, when it was played at a Garden Concert. It was left unnoticed, and never found a publisher; even Breitkopf and Härtel, who published most of his operas returned his operetta*—and nothing came to compensate him for all these disappointments! His art sank down until it degenerated into a wearying trade. Directing on thirty evenings a month the most trivial music, the most ordinary farces, and fairy pieces, was not very well calculated to elevate, or invigorate his mind; how fatiguing must have been the worry of having to do every day with an unmusical chorus; and yet he could sometimes joke about it. "Ah! how refreshed I feel," he said once to an acquaintance, "I have again conducted that magnificent opera, *Paris in Pommern!*"†

For his benefit, he selected *Die beiden Schützen*. This was the first attempt ever made to play opera at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre, and it could only be carried out with the assistance of some of the members of B——'s company, then performing at Kroll's, who were lent for the occasion. The house was empty; the receipts were not sufficient to enable Lortzing to pay the balance due on the advance which had been made him. The management repeated the benefit, ceding Lortzing whatever was taken. All the papers called upon the public to attend. The house was even more empty at the second performance than at the first, but Lortzing had the anguish of seeing the third performance, which was not for his benefit, draw a most crowded house on the Sunday following. Thus all kinds of mortifications, together with the care of providing for the daily wants of his dearly beloved family, weighed him down continually. His engagement expired on the 1st May, 1851, and thus the day for giving notice was the 1st February. It was a fearful struggle between the poor fellow's honour as an artist and his livelihood! About the middle of the month of January in the above year, Lortzing sometimes complained of a sense of oppression, of a rush of blood to the chest and head. He repeatedly expressed his intention of being cupped; but the operation was postponed from day to day—perhaps to avoid the expense as long as possible.—On the evening of the 20th January, he went to the theatre, though he had nothing to do there. After the second act, he left in company with Herr Stotz, the actor, who wanted to persuade Lortzing to go with him to the Italian Opera, where Madame Castellan was singing, in the Königstadt. Lortzing felt very dejected and wearied. At the corner of the next street, he stopped and said: "To-day, I do not feel over-mad for music; I will

* In Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, *Die Opernprobe* was produced very successfully for the first time on the 20th January, 1851, the day before Lortzing's death. It was impossible, therefore, for the composer to hear of its success. The work has now been accepted at the Court Theatre, Mannheim. I cannot help mentioning a truly touching circumstance in connection with this fact. The libretto, which the Frankfurt management had lent us to look at, and which, together with the score, they had obtained from Sturm and Koppe, was written in Lortzing's own hand; there can be no doubt that, in order to save the cost of copying, he himself undertook the depressing task! Poor artist! Poor friend!

† Probably some absurd farce with a song or two in it.—J. V. B.

be off home, and go to bed at ten o'clock. This Berlin of yours is a very monotonous place." "He came home at half-past seven," his wife wrote to tell me, "sat down to table with little Bubi, and went to bed no later than half-past eight; heard Bubi say the Lord's Prayer, and inquired whether the girls, Lottchen and Fränzchen had not yet returned. I answered in the negative, and kissed him and the boy. The children soon afterwards came back from the theatre, and asked after their father. I said I thought that he was not yet asleep, and that they might go and wish him 'good night.' They kissed him, and he slept quietly till next morning. At half-past seven, I had already got up and was dressing—after we had, a short time before, wished each other good morning and had some little conversation—when I heard him groaning painfully, and, on my hastening in affright to the bed, I beheld him rigid and bathed in cold perspiration. I called the children and sent for the doctor, who resides in the house. He was bled in both arms at the same time. Blood came—he once more opened his eyes. Oh! how glad I was! I thought I might dare to hope. But it was only for a moment: it was the last flicker of the candle—his dear eye then closed for ever—for ever! For us, it is night! We have no husband, no father; we are desolate. All-bounteous God alone can help us in our wretchedness, by giving us strength to support our immeasurable and irreparable loss! Oh! God! my children! my children! All unprovided for, except Lina! I do not know what I shall do! * * *

Some very kind friends of my poor husband have taken a good deal of trouble here, too, and espoused our cause with the warmest sympathy. The Dieckmanns, Dunz, Schulde, and, also, the manager, Herr Deichmann, have displayed great sympathy, and behaved very well. My dearest, best friend, thanks for the warmth with which you offer me advice and assistance. Ah! would you were here, for I could then avail myself of your offer. My dear Düringer, I have one thing to ask of you, and that is to write the history of my husband's life. You lived so long with him, and knew so well how good he was. A great many persons have spoken to me on the subject. Grant my request! *

"I send you, as a memento, the pen" (a gold one with a silver holder) with which Albert wrote for five years. It is broken. On one occasion, when he could not get it to write, he struck it on the table and rendered it useless."

How thankful am I for this beautiful memento, this precious relic!—Good Lortzing! It was not the fault of the pen that you could not write! In your impatience, you played the part of Fate, my poor friend; your rough hand rendered the pen useless, though, formed of the noblest metal, it might have shone and been useful a long time more!—My dear Albert, acting contrary to your own high-minded disposition, you merely returned like with like!

At my request, his kind-hearted colleague, Herr Otto Stotz, forwarded me the annexed description of the funeral:

"His death was felt like an electric shock.—The scales fell, as it were, from everyone's eyes; it is very seldom that so many tears of genuine sympathy are ever shed for any one. The report, which found its way into the newspapers, that the Rev. Herr Vater, actuated by feelings of ill-will, refused to pronounce a discourse over the corpse is not true. I myself requested him to do so, and it was only his official duties which prevented him from complying with my wish.—Crowned with a fresh laurel-wreath, and nearly smothered with fragrant flowers, Lortzing lay in a beautiful coffin picked with yellow flutings, richly draped with crape, and decorated with a large laurel-crown, the old, noble expression still distinguishing his features. A four-horse hearse conveyed him to the Sophia churchyard. Before the hearse, and upon a black velvet cushion, were carried his conductor's stick, which had been presented to him in Mannheim, and the silver laurel-wreath given him in Leipzig. The hearse was surrounded by members of his band, with marshalls' staves, and followed by a long procession, comprising, in addition to the Manager and members of the company, his friends and admirers, nearly all the artistic notabilities in Berlin: Meyerbeer, von Küstner, Dorn, Taubert, &c., all on foot. Heading the procession were all the cavalry bands under Wieprecht's direction, while an apparently endless string of carriages closed it. We members of the company removed the coffin from the hearse, and bore it on our shoulders to its last resting-place in the churchyard. After some chorales had been sung by the chorus of the Royal Opera, the Rev. Herr Alt pronounced a short discourse, recommending the widow and children to the love and sympathy of the public. Mansius, Ziesche, Heinrich, and Miekler, sang a quartet, and Ascher, our stage-manager,

then uttered the last farewell words over him. Fresh flowers covered the coffin ere the earth hid it from our gaze. I must state that Herr Deichmann behaved with great sympathy and kindness, and paid all the expenses of the funeral."

Herr Ascher's speech at the grave ran as follows:

"But few words will I address, in the name of his brethren in art, as a last farewell to him who has gone, and whom we loved so well.—An honest heart, an unpretending disposition, a warm and susceptible spirit, enthusiastic love for art, great talent—all, all, are covered in a few minutes by the earth for ever! But the memory of you, dear, beloved friend, will live for ever among us, for never did a more honest heart beat in a human breast!—Though persecuted by Fate, and frequently unappreciated, he knew neither hatred nor envy. He was the tenderest of husbands and fathers, the truest of friends, a kind and loving promoter of all that is good and beautiful, and ready to hold out the hand of assistance to everyone.—This is not the place to speak of his merits as an artist, besides it is a task which I must leave to others—but there is one thing I know, and one thing I must mention: it is seldom that any man so gifted by nature, and endowed with such talent, has been so little rewarded in proportion to his deserts!—While his creations were enchanting thousands, while his melodies were echoed in the most distant lands, he was passing a life of miserable anxiety, and the most persevering industry, the best-intentioned efforts, could not shield him from the sad fate of having his last moments embittered by care for the welfare and the future of his family. Poor, poor friend! Yet thy name will survive those of thousands of thy contemporaries!—Sleep soundly, beloved friend, and rest from thy sufferings! But for us let his life be a bright model; we will keep his memory sacred, and do it honour by transferring the love, the admiration we entertained for him to those who were truer to him than any others, to those whom he loved above all the world, his wife, and his children!—Once more: sleep gently, best-loved, dearest friend—may the earth rest lightly on thee!"

(To be continued).

A CONCERT was given on Thursday evening at the St. Pancras Vestry Hall, in aid of the Poor Man's Christmas Dinner and Warm Clothing Association, when the following artists kindly gave their services:—Vocalists—Misses Banks, Emmett, Goodall, and Julia Elton; Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, George Calkin, Leigh Wilson, and Lewis Thomas; instrumentalists—Miss Marquetti, Mr. Henry Thomas, and Mr. T. H. Wright, and a chorus of forty voices, under the direction of Mr. J. T. Tennell Calkin. Miss Banks was encored in "Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre" (Handel), and also sang the solo part in J. Baptiste Calkin's anthem, "Behold, now praise ye the Lord," most charmingly. Miss Elton gave, "But the Lord is mindful of His own," from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, with great expression, and had to repeat it. Miss Emmett, who made her first appearance, rendered the solo in "Hear my prayer" (Mendelssohn), with great taste. She also sang "The Lover and the Bird," and, being vociferously encored, gave the ballad, "Why are you wandering here, I pray?" This young lady cannot but succeed in the path she has chosen, having a sweet, clear voice, with almost perfect articulation, accompanied by great taste and expression. Mendelssohn's charming duet, "Greeting," was given by Misses Emmett and Goodall, and the trio, "Ti prego," artistically rendered by Misses Banks and Elton and Mr. G. Calkin. Mr. Calkin also sang "If, with all your hearts" (*Elijah*), with great feeling, and Mr. Leigh Wilson "In native worth" (*Creation*). Mr. Wilbye Cooper gave three songs in his usual artistic manner, viz., Allen's "Bride of a Day," accompanied by the composer; Hatton's "I will love her till I die," and Weiss's "When the silver moon is beaming." Mr. Lewis Thomas sang Gounod's "Nazareth" very finely, and, in the last verse, was joined by the basses of the choir with great effect. He also sang, by request, "The Village Blacksmith," which it was hoped, the composer would have been present to give himself. Miss Marquetti played Prudent's fantasia, "La Sonnambula," Mr. H. Thomas Benedict's charming "Erin," and Mr. T. H. Wright his own "Réverie" and "Pensée" for the harp. A chorus, written and composed expressly for the occasion by Messrs. J. T. and J. B. Calkin, was rendered splendidly by the choir, and had to be repeated, several other choruses being also given with great effect and precision. Mr. J. B. Calkin presided at the piano; Mr. J. T. Calkin was conductor. The hall was crowded by a fashionable audience, and the funds of the society must have been greatly benefited. Great praise is due to the secretary for the manner in which everything passed off.

BRUNSWICK.—Herr Bilse has been here with his orchestra and given two concerts, which went off with great effect, and afforded unanimous satisfaction. Among the pieces performed were the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, and that in D minor, by Schumann; the overtures to *Ruy Blas* and *Tannhäuser*, Mendelssohn and Wagner, respectively; to *Euryanthe* and *Oberon*, Weber; and to *Leonore*, No. 3, Beethoven.

Shaver Silber on Robinson Offenbach Censor.

The fact that M. Offenbach has risen a step in the scale of honour by producing a lyrical drama at the Opéra-Comique, the scene of so many French glories of the highest order, having passed through the Variétés from the Bouffes in the course of his ascent, will be more interesting to the people of Paris than to those of London, the British enthusiasm for comic opera in general being but slight, save in the case of two or three works of Auber. Nevertheless the circumstance that such a thoroughly English book as the *Robinson Crusoe* of Daniel Defoe has been forced into the shape of a French operatic libretto can scarcely fail to amuse English curiosity, and it is fairly to be assumed that the doings of M. Offenbach's poets, MM. Cormon and St. Crémieux, will be noted with much more eagerness than the work of the *maestro* himself.

Robinson Crusoe, the final letter of whose name, it may be observed, is always marked by the French with an acute accent, derives social elevation from the authors of the libretto, who, not content with the poor but honest parents bestowed on him by Defoe, have made him the son of no less a person than Sir William Crusoe, and have moreover blessed him with a sweetheart, gifted by her godfather and godmother with the singularly un-English name, Edouge. Happy as he is with his father, his mother, his sweetheart, and the servant Suzanne, who is a general favourite of the family, the perverse Robinson resolves to see foreign parts, and would take with him one Toby as his travelling companion. Suzanne, however, who intends to marry Toby, prevents this latter part of the young master's intention from being carried out, and accordingly Robinson departs alone.

The portion of the navigator's life which he passed in utter solitude is, as might be expected, skipped over; and when we find him on his island he is attended by his faithful black, Vendredi, whose name all our dictionaries will never persuade us to accept as an equivalent for that of "Man Friday." Under the tuition of his white patron, the young savage progresses in civilization, and gains some notion of love from the sighs lavished by Robinson on the remote Edouge, whose value in the mind of her adorer has increased in direct proportion to her distance.

It may be accepted as an axiom that, on the stage, whatever number of miles a man may be supposed to travel, he never gets rid of his friends by leaving them at home. Edouge, Toby, and Suzanne, who have all set out in search of Robinson, are brought ashore by treacherous sailors on the very island where the lonely man resides. Had the wicked mariners done their duty, the lovers probably would never have met, but the drama is the region, above all others, in which evil intentions produce good results. At first, however, the prospect of the faithful Edouge and her companions is not encouraging, inasmuch as they come into collision with a tribe of savages, happy in the possession of a European cook, who, having failed to make his fortune elsewhere, has comfortably settled down among the "Pieds verts" as a dresser of human flesh. Names in this piece have a tendency to be strange throughout, and we may remark that this artist is called Jins Cocks, a combination which seems to be derived in some fashion from the "gin cocktail" of our Transatlantic cousins, and to be suited rather to the keeper of a modern American bar than to the *chef-de-cuisine* of a tribe of savages in the seventeenth century. To Jins Cocks is awarded the honour of cooking Toby and Suzanne for the repast of the grand chief, who moreover orders Edouge to be burned at the stake as a sacrifice to the deity of the tribe. All the intended victims are saved by the valorous Vendredi, who frightens the cannibals away with the report of his pistol. In the true spirit of an Offenbach opera, the devoted black hopes to share with his master the affections of the rescued maiden, and when he is informed that this arrangement is impossible, he transfers his attention to Suzanne, to the no small annoyance of Toby. However, all go to Europe, there to settle domestic differences as best they may. Is it not strange that when dealing with comic opera the French can never be heartily funny without grazing against gross impropriety?

Shaver Silber.

THE BROUSIL FAMILY.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me, through your valuable columns, to offer the services of the celebrated "Brousil Family," assisted by Miss Mary King, vocalist, and Mr. Harry Sanderson, the extraordinary American octave pianoforte performer, for half-a-dozen concerts anywhere within twelve miles of London, for the benefit of those who have sustained such heavy losses by the late destructive fire at Her Majesty's Theatre. For particulars, apply to

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SIMS REEVES AT PLYMOUTH.—After a long absence from Plymouth, the public had the pleasure of renewing the welcome here which has everywhere been accorded to Mr. Sims Reeves in his present tour. The concert took place in St. James's Hall; every seat was taken, whilst vast numbers were unable to obtain admission. In the course of the second part Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Patey came on the stage and endeavoured to stop up certain crevices to prevent the cold blast from penetrating the room to which the singers had to return, and which Mr. Reeves denounced as most unfit for the purpose for which it is used. In this respect much requires to be altered and amended. The external arrangements were carried out by the police, under the superintendence of Mr. Wreford. The heavy rain that fell during the evening made their work anything but agreeable. The great English tenor was received with a prolonged burst of enthusiastic cheering. The audience seemed to regard it as impossible to give him too warm a welcome. When the ovation had subsided, he commenced Beethoven's "Adelaide," which he sang by desire. Ere, however, he had got through the first verse, there was a clatter of a sword passing up the centre of the hall, the owner of it regarding only his means of obtaining a seat. Mr. Reeves stopped, and retired behind the piano; Madame Piatti ceased to play, and the people looked on in mute astonishment, giving an occasional cheer, while the owner of the sword and a few other late arrivals could find their places. Order being restored, Mr. Reeves, who was in magnificent voice, sang with exquisite finish the air named. It displays all the softer beauties of the singer's voice, and its fine mellow tones were heard in ripe perfection, and free from any of those marks of wear and tear which might be supposed to exist in one who has been so long before the world. He was encored to the echo, but only appeared and bowed, and then returned leading in Madame Patey-Whytock, who sang Hullah's song, "The Storm," and at once established herself as a favourite. This was followed by a fantasia on the pianoforte, which was performed by Mrs. Henry Reed, who was greeted cordially. She responded to the recall by performing Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz." Mr. Patey sang, "The Light of other Days," which was encored, and Miss Jewell and Madame Patey-Whytock joined in the duet, "I know a bank." Diddin's famous nautical song, "Tom Bowling," was sung by Mr. Reeves. Into this fine old song, one of the glories of the elder Braham, Mr. Reeves threw all his fire. There is one fine trait which characterizes Mr. Reeves's singing—the spirit with which the poetry inspires him. This deep feeling is evinced in every line he sings, and the tender thought which runs through the manly song of "Tom Bowling," when sung by one so inspired, awakens kindred emotions in the breast of every listener. The contrast, as between his rendering of this song, and subsequently of the "Bay of Biscay," where, in the closing verse, there is full play for his splendid powers, will best illustrate our meaning. "Tom Bowling," riveted the audience, and you might have heard a pin drop, till at its close there was one of those outbursts of sympathy which spoke more than words can tell how much the song and the sentiment had come home to the hearts of all who heard it. To such an appeal there was no resistance; and when Mr. Reeves returned, and Madame Piatti sounded the first notes of "My Pretty Jane," the ovation was again and again renewed. The charming ballad found the sweetest of exponents to discourse on the tenderness of passions. After another song, "If e'er the cruel Tyrant Love," by Miss A. Jewell, Madame P. Whytock sang "The Meeting of the Waters," in which she again won an encore. Madame Piatti played a solo on the piano, and then followed "The Bay of Biscay," to which we have already referred. As this is one of the songs which allows full scope to the energy of the singer, as well as to the play of his genius, we need not be surprised at the audience wishing to prolong their pleasure, and in response to this appeal Mr. Reeves varied the programme, by singing "The Jolly Young Waterman," which he did as effectively as he had sang the rest. Two or three other pieces brought to a termination one of the most successful concerts ever given in Plymouth.—*Western Daily Mercury*, Dec. 6th.

PERTH.—SIGNOR GARCIA'S CONCERT.—Last night, Signor Garcia's operetta and evening concert came off in the City Hall in presence of a large and fashionable assembly. The platform was extemporized into a stage for the occasion, and hung with elegant crimson curtains, the whole tastefully decorated with bannerets. The programme was opened with Verdi's chorus, "Fair shines the Moon," sung by a party of Signor Garcia's pupils, who evinced careful and studious preparation. Mr. Emile Berger played a solo on the piano—"Themes of Irish Melodies"—which drew forth hearty applause. Miss Mason sang "Variations on the Carnival of Venice," and received a rapturous encore. Bishop's chorus, "Tramp," was given by the pupils, and redemanded. The comic operetta, *Terrible Hymen*, comprised the second part of the entertainment. Without going into criticism, it may be said that Signor and Madame Garcia kept alive the interest of their audience, and proved themselves to be thorough proficient in the operatic art.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—On Friday morning the 6th, a farewell concert was given here by the Brousil Family. The selection played by the clever family party comprised pieces by Mendelssohn, Bach, and Hauser, and a violin solo (Ernst's "Elegie") by Mlle. Bertha Brousil. To say that these talented brothers and sisters played with intelligence, precision, and artistic feeling, would be but to give them their due. Nor would it be more than justice to remark that Mlle. Bertha has perhaps a fair claim to be "the best lady solo violinist in the world" (*vide programme*); though "one of the best," and the addition of "for her years," might have been nearer the truth. The vocal pieces were "rendered" by Mlle. Juliani, whose performance of "Come e bello," did her much credit; and Miss Gwenoline Phillips, a *débutante*, who sang "When we went a-gleaning," and another song (name unrecorded), in a very pleasing and effective manner. Nor was the piano-forte feebly represented; for to it first came Miss B. M. Waugh, and delighted with the "Moto Continuo" of Weber, very brilliantly played; and Mr. Harry Sanderson, the man of America and octaves, gave a specimen of his marvellous wrist powers, in his own arrangement of the *Semiramide* overture, and a brilliant concert piece. On being recalled, he played his own transcription of "Home, Sweet Home," with surprising octave effects. A similar performance took place in the evening, when Mr. Leigh Wilson sang the "Bloom is on the Rye," and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep;" Miss Waugh performed Tito Mattel's popular "Grand Waltz," receiving immense applause, as did the Brousil Family in an arrangement of Haydn's "Austrian Hymn." Herr Waldick acted as accompanist most efficiently on both occasions.—B. B.

NORFOLK.—The Carrow Amateur Concert, on behalf of the poor of St. James's and Pockthorpe, took place last Tuesday evening, in the Carrow Schoolroom, and was a decided success, financially as well as musically. The room was crowded to excess with a large and fashionable audience, including the Mayor (J. J. Colman, Esq.) and the Sheriff (R. Fitch, Esq.), who each showed his hearty concurrence in the object for which the concert was given, by bringing a large party. The part-songs by the ladies and gentlemen were well executed, and formed no small part in the success of the programme, and the Norwich Orpheus Society also gave three of their part-songs, one of them, expressly composed for the society by Mr. Bunnett, being exceedingly well sung. A part-song by Kücken received an encore. Miss Morse, who has a fine voice, received an encore in Guglielmo's song, "The Lover and the Bird." The trio of "Memory" was also encored. The duet of the "Flight of the Swallows" was delightfully warbled by Mr. and Mrs. Mottram; and Miss Tillett sang Blumenthal's "Message" with expression and feeling. Both were re-demanded. Mrs. Clement Cozens-Hardy sang an Irish song, which did not appear in the programme. The vocal duets and the instrumental pieces served to show that every pains had been taken to make the concert as attractive as possible. Miss Agnes Hardy performed the arduous duty of accompanist. After the concert the Mayor entertained the performers at Carrow House. The amount realized is nearly £60, which is to be distributed by the Rector of St. James and others for the object before mentioned.—*Norfolk Chronicle*, Oct. 7th.

BIRMINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Town Hall was filled last Saturday, when the fifth of the series of Saturday Promenade Concerts was given. The two principal vocalists were Mrs. A. J. Sutton and Mr. Vernon Rigby, both "natives" of Birmingham. With these was associated Miss Nelly Synner, a young and talented pianist. The band was under the able direction of Mr. D. F. Davis, and the approbation awarded to them after their performance of the selection from *Faust*, the overtures to *Oberon* and *Der Freyschütz*, was well merited. Mrs. A. J. Sutton sang Mr. Benedict's "Lullaby," and Mr. Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart," very agreeably; while the duet, "Da quel di," in which she was seconded by Mr. Vernon Rigby, was unanimously encored. Mr. Rigby made good the success he met with when last in Birmingham, and was encored in several of his songs. Miss Nelly Synner played, and played capitally, Sterndale Bennett's *Caprice* (accompanied by the orchestra), and was unanimously applauded at the conclusion.

CITY GLEE CLUB.—The great meeting of the season of this club was held on Tuesday week at the Corn Exchange Hotel, Mark Lane, under the presidency of Alderman Finnis. About eighty members were present to hear the new compositions offered for the prizes to be awarded. There were six competitors, and by the merits of their work the three prizes were to be decided, the scores having been sent to Dr. Steggall for his decision. Messrs. W. Coward, T. Carter, F. Walker, and Theodore Distin, did justice to the several works. Two of the compositions were considered as four-part songs (*q.v.* by whom? as Dr. Steggall was the only judge) and not glees, the prizes were therefore awarded as follows:—To Mr. James Coward, first prize, 10 guineas, for his glee "Delightful Scene;" second prize, eight guineas, to Mr. Montem

Smith; third prize, four guineas, to Mr. Theodore Distin. A very clever and pleasing composition, and one that according to all disinterested parties ought to have had the first prize, composed by Mr. W. H. Cummings, was also on the list. It is called "The Emigrant Miner's Song," but it was considered, for some unaccountable reason, not eligible. After the decision, the chairman presented a testimonial to Mr. W. Coward, of an engraved silver salver, given by the members of the club, bearing the following inscription:—"A token of respect from the City Glee Club to William Coward Esq., 19th November, 1867." The City Glee Club consists of 100 members, and has its full complement.—B. B.

NEW ORGAN AT BRACEWELL (SKIPTON).—On Sunday a new organ was opened in Bracewell Church, erected by John Turner Hopwood, Esq., patron and lord of the manor, in memory of his father, the late Robert Hopwood, Esq. It was built by Mr. Hedgeland, of London, and comprises great organ, swell, and choir organ. No cost has been spared in making it a highly finished instrument and in fitting up the front, which is most tastefully designed and has a noble and imposing appearance. Dr. Spark presided, and nothing could be more effective than the ability with which he drew forth its tones and made evident its powers. Such playing could not be listened to without admiration. The following is a list of the stops:—

GREAT ORGAN—CC to G.

	<i>Ped.</i>		<i>Ped.</i>
Double Open Diapason.....	10	Flute	4
Open Diapason	8	Fifteenth	2
Stop Diapason	8	Twelfth	2½
Gamba	8	Mixture (3 ranks).....	
Principal	4	Trumpet	8

CHOIR ORGAN—CC to G.

Dulciana	8	Celestina	4
Stop Diapason	8	Harmonic Flute	4
Viol di Gamba	8	Clarinet and Bassoon	8

SWELL ORGAN—CC to G.

Sub Bass	10	Donlette.....	
Open Diapason	8	Contra Fagotto.....	16
Stop Diapason	8	Horn.....	8
Keralophon	8	Oboe	8
Principal	4	Clarion	4
Fifteenth	2		

PEDAL ORGAN—CCC to F.

Contra Bourdon	32	Principal	8
Open Diapason.....	16	Trombone.....	16

COUPLERS.

Swell to Great Organ.	Great to Pedals.
Choir to Great Organ.	Choir to Pedals.
Sub Octave Swell to Great.	Tremulant.
Super Octave Swell to Great.	Composition Pedals.
Swell to Pedals.	

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—M. Gemmy Brandus, one of the most eminent and respected music publishers in Paris, has been heavily afflicted by the loss of his youthful wife, who died on the 29th November, after a long illness. M^{me}. Brandus, née Elizabeth Davis, was English by birth, and greatly esteemed by all those who knew her. Most of the French newspapers speak highly of her virtues in private life, and sympathize with her desolate husband. Her funeral was followed by many friends and a large number of celebrated musicians.—Rossini has been suffering some three weeks from a bad catarrh, but is now recovering. His Saturday evening receptions have not been resumed yet.—M. Offenbach's last offspring, *Robinson Crusoe*, draws full houses, notwithstanding the general opinion that it ought not to have been permitted to be given at the Opéra-Comique, where the greatest masterpieces by Gretry, Boieldieu, Herold, Meyerbeer, Auber, &c., have been performed, and that such music is only pleasant to hear, *entre le café et le cigar*.—All the musical papers of Paris, in announcing M. Goldberg's intention to pass the winter in the French capital, speak in the following terms of him:—"Mr. Goldberg, l'éminent professeur de chant et compositeur de Londres, vient d'arriver à Paris où il a l'intention de passer l'hiver. Nos lecteurs se rappelleront que Mr. Goldberg avant de se rendre à Londres a été un de nos plus célèbres chanteurs de concert à Paris, où sa voix sympathique et son excellente méthode étaient fort admirées. C'est Mr. Goldberg qui a composé la touchante romance: 'Appelez-moi toujours, ma sœur, dont l'Impératrice possède le manuscrit et qui lui a valu une lettre très gracieuse de remerciements de la part de Sa Majesté.'"

DRESDEN.—This season, as last, Herren Rollfuss, Seelmann, and Barchl have announced a series of Soirées for Chamber-Music. The first has already come off. The programme comprised: D major Trio, Kiel; Sonata for Piano and Violin in G major, Op. 96, Beethoven; and Trio, Op. 100, Schubert. Herr Scharfe sang two songs, one by Jensen, and one by Schumann.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—In an old English primer, the whole edition, with the omission of the single letter c at the beginning of a word in the third line, was printed as follows:

"When the last trumpet soundeth,
We shall not all die;
But we shall all be *hanged*
In the twinkling of an eye."

AMSTERDAM.—Cherubini's *Requiem* and Handel's *Samson* will be performed at the first concert of the "Maatschappij tot Bevordering der Toonkunst," or, in other words, of the Society for the Promotion of Music.

VIENNA.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has been produced here with the greatest possible success, Mdle. Ilma de Murska sustaining the part of Catherina for the first time, and creating an immense sensation. Herr Beck played Peter.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

HORWOOD & CREW,—"Bond Street," Magazine of Popular Music for January, 1868. LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co.,—"Little Willie," by Matthias Barr. MUGNARD (Brussels).—"La Musique aux Pays-Bas avant le XIX. Siècle," par Edmond Vanderstraeten. Tome premier.

Advertisements.

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